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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	621	"Can we still be Christians?" By Socius ...	637
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Welsh Church Bill. By Hugh Edwards ...	638
A Unionist Truce ...	624	"Killing for Meat." By P. Brandon-Jones and F. V. ...	638
The Pressure for Peace ...	625	Who was Datchery? By W. A., H. C. Tait, and M. F. B. Cullen ...	638
The Chances for Woman Suffrage ...	626	Eupheptic Tom Broadbent. By H. M. Swanwick ...	639
The Crisis in the Opium Question ...	627	POETRY:—	
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	628	For 1913. By Selwyn Image ...	639
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
A Soldier of Liberty ...	630	Fifty Years of Literature. By Professor E. Dowden ...	640
"The Man Himself" ...	631	"The White Man's Burden." By Henry W. Nevinson ...	641
The Annals of the Poor ...	632	The Upper Air ...	642
Winter without Credit ...	633	What is Character? ...	643
LETTERS FROM ABROAD:—		Memories of the Tower ...	643
Adrianople. By Sir Edwin Pears ...	634	The Feminine Pen ...	644
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Liberalism and the Taxation of Land Values. By Robert Styring and Arthur Aronson ...	635	Life and Letters of the Rev. James MacGregor, D.D. ...	646
The Late Mr. Palmer Newbould. By Noel Buxton, M.P. ...	636	The Philosophy of Nietzsche ...	646
The Case of Driver Knox. By Angus Watson ...	636	The Malay Peninsula ...	646
National Defence and the People. By G. Dale ...	637	The Cities of Lombardy ...	646
"The Chapter and the Creed." By the Rev. Alfred Fawkes ...	637	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	648

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE negotiations for a Balkan peace have survived a strain which, but for the pressure of the Powers, must have led to a rupture. The meeting due for last Saturday was postponed by the Turks on the usual plea that their instructions had not arrived. On Monday a deadlock was reached. The Turks announced that they could make no concession on either of the two vital points—the surrender of Adrianople and the surrender of the Ægean Isles. The Chief of the Servian Delegation, who was in the chair, thereupon, in the name of the Allies, declared that the sittings of the Conference were "suspended" *sine die*. The Turks have complained of this prompt closure of a futile discussion, but it does not appear that they had anything more useful to say than to repeat their request for the revictualling of Adrianople. It is generally understood that the Allies consented to suspend negotiations instead of breaking them off in response to the insistence of Sir Edward Grey, who acted no doubt with the Ambassadors' Conference behind him.

DIPLOMACY meanwhile has not been idle. No official information is available, but it is believed that all the Powers, those of the Triple Alliance no less than those of the Triple Entente, have remonstrated with the Porte on its unyielding attitude, and have counselled the surrender of Adrianople. Germany in particular has

made the useful suggestion that the tombs of the Caliphs and the Mosques in the city might be left to Turkey on a basis of extra-territoriality. The question of the Ægean Islands is more difficult, and while the Powers of the Entente would consent to give them all to Greece, those of the Alliance are said to favor the retention by Turkey of those which lie near the Dardanelles and the Asiatic coast, including Mitylene and Chios. Mysterious meetings have taken place between General Savoff and Nazim Pasha and Nuradunghian Effendi. Adrianople was discussed between them, but the Turkish and Bulgarian accounts of what passed differ completely. In their public statements there is an absolute refusal on the part of Bulgaria and Greece to yield the main points concerning Adrianople and the islands.

THE explanation of this promising unity among the Powers is not far to seek. The strain of the preparations which the war has imposed on them is telling severely on them all, and most of all upon Austria. Her financial situation is serious, and good authorities reckon that her mobilisation has already cost her twenty millions sterling, not to mention the diffused loss occasioned by the disturbance to trade. The negotiations with Russia for a simultaneous demobilisation have so far had no result, and in both Empires the Chauvinistic party at Court is by no means at the end of its resources. The attitude of Roumania, which seemed to expect an earlier assent from Bulgaria to the surrender of Silistria by way of compensation for her gains in the South, is also causing some anxiety.

IN Turkey, meanwhile, the war party, which seems to be rallying to Enver Bey as its leader, has seriously undermined the authority of the aged Kiamil Pasha, on whose health the prolonged crisis is said to have made excessive demands. He has told an interviewer that if the Powers want peace they must intervene, and some sort of paper intervention, in the shape of a reasoned support for the League's demands, to be communicated as a memorandum from the Ambassadors' Conference to the next meeting of the Peace Conference, is expected to be undertaken promptly.

THE Tory Party have hit upon a method, not indeed of putting an end to the divisions in their ranks on the food duties, but of presenting to the enemy some semblance of a united front. Mr. Law apparently having made it known that anything approaching "a coercive or mandatory resolution" at the Lancashire meeting on Saturday would be followed by his resignation, Lord Derby issued a message again postponing the meeting for another week. This was followed on Wednesday by a statement from the Opposition Whip that a memorial was being extensively signed by all sections of the Party "with the object of establishing complete agreement on tariff questions." It is understood that the memorial deals in detail with Mr. Law's speech at Ashton-under-Lyne, and, while assuring him of the unswerving loyalty of the party and its firm intention to abide by his decision, expresses a hope that the food duties will not be made an issue at the next election. Thus "the first

constructive plank" in Mr. Chamberlain's policy has been hammered out of the Protectionist structure, and Mr. Law compelled to eat his words with the jam of a declaration of loyalty to make them a little more palatable.

* * *

BUT even before the memorial is signed, there are indications that in some quarters the test will be taken in quite as non-natural a sense as the most extreme High Church clergyman ever signed the Thirty-nine Articles. The "Times," indeed, declares that the Unionist Party are now almost solid against food duties, "and for the most part they are realising the fact with a sigh of relief," and the "Daily Mail" has come out with a poster containing nothing but the words, "Death of the Food Taxes." The Tariff Reform League, however, has announced its intention of pursuing "with undiminished energy" the "whole policy of Tariff Reform," including, of course, the obnoxious taxes, and the "Pall Mall Gazette" interprets the memorial as an "allowance for the face-saving movements of those who have attempted schism and failed." The latter journal goes so far as to assert that the memorial "preserves the entire and original faith of the Tariff Reform movement." In face of these manoeuvres we are forcibly reminded of the old proverb that it is necessary for a door to be either open or shut, and we wonder how long it will be before the Tory Party finds itself "almost solid" against all the items in the Protectionist programme, and how many sighs of relief the process will involve.

* * *

THE Home Rule Bill seems to have reached smoother waters, and the Opposition debaters have not abandoned the more moderate tone on which we commented last week. But the most important alteration in the measure during the Report stage has been the extension of the principle of proportional representation to the Irish House of Commons. On Tuesday, after an amendment increasing the number of members in the Irish Senate had been defeated, Sir Alfred Mond moved that in any constituency returning three or more members to the House of Commons, the election should be held on the principle of proportional representation, each elector having a single transferable vote. Mr. Redmond, though he acknowledged that "he had grave misgivings as to the general principle underlying the scheme of proportional representation," expressed his willingness to see the proposal given a trial. It was a proposal strictly limited in time and area—it affects only eight constituencies, returning nineteen members in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork—and as it was very likely that, unless the amendment was passed, at the first election under Home Rule not a single Unionist would be returned for the three southern provinces outside Trinity College, he thought that from the Irish point of view the appeal was irresistible. The Prime Minister took a similar view, and a number of Unionists supported the amendment, which was carried by 311 votes to 81.

* * *

THE British Medical Association, or rather the London section of that Association, is taking its defeat badly. The meeting at the Queen's Hall was chiefly remarkable for the abuse of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Insurance Act, and the newly-formed National Insurance Practitioners' Association. Those present at the meeting evidently realised that the chaos they hoped to produce was averted only by the prompt and courageous action of the small handful of men who broke away from the organised boycott of the Act. The striking fact is that fully half the profession have joined the panels, and the British Medical Association, if it

refuses to realise the situation, is faced with a recession which will ruin its prestige and influence for a generation. Its present leaders cultivate the manners of the hustings, and one looks in vain for a dignified presentation of whatever their policy may be. In London, the medical panels in most areas are amply filled. In a few districts it will be necessary for the London Insurance Committee to import whole time medical officers to carry out the terms of the Act. Thus, unfortunately, a certain number of doctors, with only themselves and their leaders to blame for their inability to grasp the situation, will, in all probability, be financially ruined.

* * *

THE controversy with the United States over the Panama Canal has taken an unexpectedly fortunate turn. Speaking at a peace meeting last Saturday, Mr. Taft has declared in the strongest and most generous terms in favor of arbitration to decide the question of the tolls on coastwise traffic and the disputed interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. He expressed himself strongly about the political morality of those Americans who refuse arbitration, because it would go against the States, and because they are satisfied that Great Britain would not fight. We must not assume, however, that Mr. Taft will be able to settle this matter before he leaves office early in March, but though there is no sign of yielding on the part of the Senate, he has undoubtedly made it difficult for his successor, even if he wished it, to refuse arbitration.

* * *

A SUCCESSOR to Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter as German Foreign Minister has been found in Herr von Jagow. His training after a brief experience as a civilian administrator has been wholly diplomatic, and the greater part of his official career has been spent in Rome, first as a subordinate in the Embassy and then as Ambassador. He was popular in Italian society, and enjoyed the reputation of a cultured man whose personal tastes are rather for art than for politics. Opinions seem to differ as to his diplomatic success. He did nothing to prevent the war in Tripoli, which was more embarrassing to Germany than to any other Power, but after its outbreak his personal amiability did much to ease the tension. He does not belong to the Bismarckian school, and the German Press seems to doubt his ability to "work" it. It is said that his sympathies are on the side of an understanding with this country. But it must be remembered that the Foreign Minister in Germany hardly enjoys greater power than the permanent head of our own Foreign Office. External policy is really under the control of the Chancellor, and he in turn is directly responsible to the Kaiser.

* * *

THE announcement of the approaching retirement of Mr. Deakin may mark a turning-point in the rather chaotic development of the politics of the Australian Commonwealth. His eloquence and his cultured personality will be missed from public life. But it would be a mistake to regard him as a great party leader. He succeeded in neither of the two combinations which he formed. He could not discipline his Liberal followers to work smoothly with Labor, and the Middle-Class Fusion, which has acted as Opposition to Mr. Fisher's Ministry, has been even less of a success. It has found it impossible to agree save on negotiations, and it now approaches a General Election without a constructive policy. It is expected that Mr. Irvine, a leading barrister and ex-Premier of Victoria, will succeed Mr. Deakin. He is a man of some independence of mind, who has rather sharply criticised the methods of the Coalition. He may bring fresh ideas, but he will have to grapple with old

antagonists. Labor, on the other hand, has to face a very active propaganda for "direct action" among its own extremists.

THE political crisis in Portugal has been solved in the way which seems to observers at a distance ideally the worst. Senhor Costa, the leader of the Radical section of the Republicans, has formed a Ministry, and has apparently assured himself of moderate support outside it. This will mean, presumably, the continued proscription and persecution of Royalists and Churchmen, as opposed to the Moderate policy of confidence and amnesty. In Spain, meanwhile, some sections of the Conservative Party are attempting to induce their leader, Señor Maura, to reconsider his angry decision to withdraw, with many other deputies, from public life. His published explanations of this strange action make it even less intelligible than it had seemed. He complains particularly of the Liberal readiness to work with Republicans and other advanced groups, on the ground that this had upset the rotative system of Spanish party politics. The Liberals, it seems, are no longer a party with whom the Conservatives can consent to alternate. The theory is apparently that one continuous policy should be pursued by both parties, and that the King should intervene to change the team whenever each side has had its fair share of office.

THE Parliamentary inquiry into the Putumayo case and the London Company's responsibility for the atrocities reached a crisis this week with the examination of Mr. Gubbins, Chairman of the Board. Except for two insignificant points, and a question as to the number of Indians actually killed by the Company's agents, Mr. Gubbins accepted the whole of Sir Roger Casement's terrible report. He pleaded that, before the Hardenburg revelations of September, 1909, the English directors were entirely ignorant of the truth, having in fact, as he admitted, never made inquiries about the labor. When "Truth" published the revelations, he said they distrusted Mr. Hardenburg, owing to certain charges made against him—charges made, he admitted, by Arana himself. When the Anti-Slavery Society and the Foreign Office called upon them to make inquiries and bring their agents to justice, he pleaded that this was the business of the Peruvian Government, though he admitted the officials in Lima had very little authority over the Putumayo district. In fact, it was evident that the directors were dominated throughout by Arana. As long as things went smoothly, they were content to have it so and ask no questions.

WHEN others began asking questions, they still submitted to the domination, because, as Mr. Swift MacNeill said, Arana could have chucked them all out. Into the grim inquiry, ably conducted by Mr. Charles Roberts, the Chairman, Mr. Joynson Hicks, and others, Mr. Swift MacNeill also brought some laughter by reading a minute in which Mr. Gubbins suggested that the wretched Indians might keep guinea-pigs. "We know all about guinea-pigs," said Mr. Swift MacNeill; "we have plenty downstairs." Whereupon Mr. Gubbins continued to explain that he had recommended guinea-pigs, because they were cleanly little creatures and easy to breed!

UNHAPPILY, the taxi strike has continued through the week without sign of possible agreement. It seems evident that either the price of petrol must go down, or the fares must be raised. At recent rates, the drivers cannot earn a living wage, and the companies cannot pay a dividend. But no one says the oil companies

cannot pay a dividend. Their profits are large, and we can see no justification for the enormous rise in the price of petrol by 5d. a gallon. Unless pressure can be brought to bear upon the companies, so as to force the price down again, the convenient 8d. fare for taxis will disappear, and the charge will be up to a shilling, as for the historic hansoms. Meantime, the strike keeps about 5,000 drivers out of work, and about the same number of cleaners and other attendants. Many thousands of pounds are lost to wages, the funds of the Union are being depleted, and some of the taxi companies are sending back the licences to the drivers, and calling in the uniforms. The drivers, on their side, announce a Trafalgar Square meeting for to-morrow afternoon.

ALMOST all the different societies and associations that are interested in one or another aspect of education have been holding meetings during the week. In some respects the most interesting discussion was that which was opened at the joint conference of Educational Associations on Monday by Mr. Michael Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, on the subject, "Should Teachers be Civil Servants?" Mr. Sadler put the case against the change with great force, arguing that State effort in education was comparatively sterile in new ideas, and that if the teaching profession became a bureaucracy it would mean the sacrifice of independence, originality, and the versatile enterprise that was the secret of educational progress.

In Mr. Sadler's opinion, to give teachers the status of civil servants would open up all manner of awkward and embarrassing questions, and in particular it would import the religious problem into departments of education that were now free from it. Dr. Sophie Bryant concurred, contending that the Civil Service was worse for women under present conditions than any other branch of women's work. But she laid greater stress on the calamity that the nation would suffer if the vast mass of intellectual persons who were now free to speak their minds on any subject they pleased were withdrawn "into the silent shades of the Civil Service." Other speakers put the contrary case, and with great effect.

THE Duke of Abercorn, who died at the end of last week, was a typical figure in British aristocratic life. Closely connected by marriage and through his brothers and sisters with nearly all the highest families of the nobility, he held a string of subordinate titles, and owned, as he said of himself in "Who's Who," "about 26,000 acres"—the only distinction, except rank, which he there claimed. Though of purely Scottish descent from the house of Hamilton, the great occupation of his political life lay in attempts to frustrate Ireland's demand for Home Rule. This ambition first made him prominent about 1886, and whenever there seemed a chance of Ireland obtaining her freedom since that date, he suddenly became prominent again. The latest occasion was during Sir Edward Carson's mock-royal progress through Ulster last September, when he took the chair at some of the meetings, and was greeted as the original founder of the Irish Unionist Alliance. To him is attributed the waning battle-cry, "We will not have Home Rule," and he was among the promoters of that peculiar "Civilian Force," created last year for purposes not yet fully divulged. Otherwise, he may be remembered as the man who took up the Chairmanship of the British South Africa Company after the crash of the Jameson Raid, and, certainly, no one will deny him a kind of courage for such an action.

Politics and Affairs.

A UNIONIST TRUCE.

Nor in Ulster, where Orangeism is trembling for its bare majority, but in the sheep-folds of British Unionism, civil war still smoulders, albeit held in check for the moment by a patched-up truce. In this fraternal conflict blows have been exchanged which, not long ago, would have been thought too harsh for the deserts of an enemy. Thus, when Mr. Bonar Law contemptuously brushed aside an appeal by Ministers to their convictions by exclaiming, "You haven't got any!" it was felt, and not by Liberals alone, that he had drawn rather drastically on the resources of vilification. Yet to have no convictions, it now turns out, is not necessarily a reproach, and may even be a virtue, or, at any rate, a defect with some quality of merit. "The Unionist Party is not untrue to its convictions," pleads the "Times," in a complacent appropriation of Mr. Law's taunt, "but on this one important matter lacks conviction altogether." So, after ten years of strife and a long series of major and minor excommunications, the truth is blandly let out that on "this one important matter"—clearly the most vital of the Chamberlain heresies—the Unionist Party have all along been halting and faltering with Mr. Balfour in a wilderness of unsettled beliefs. And now one hypocrisy is to be replaced by another. We are told by another apologist that Unionists "have to ask themselves whether it is wise to insist on a policy which is thoroughly unpopular and no longer necessary, and as the result of this insistence, to face perpetual exclusion from office." Not a word about insistence on Unionist principles, possibly for the reason, as Mr. Law would say, that there are no Unionist principles to insist on.

In its reconstitution on the basis of a fresh sham, this shifting organism is to be encouraged to look forward to a worthier incarnation in some future state—after two General Elections, as the old formula had it. Verily, the blood of the free-food martyrs proves to have been the seed of the Balfourian tabernacle. When Mr. Chamberlain was driving his war-chariot over the prostrate forms of the now victorious temporisers, an unfailing instinct warned him to turn a deaf ear to such delusive wiles. He foresaw, as doubtless his baffled disciples foresee to-day, how fatally for their designs the compromise now revived must work out under any normal conception of political conditions. Suppose the Unionists victorious at the next election, and returned with a strict mandate not to achieve but to undo. Their first constructive plank is not even to be their second, their third, or their last. Imperial Preference they may not touch, except by way of Imperial Conference. Presumably they will keep their hands off old-age pensions. How they are to deal, or whether they are to deal at all, with their ambiguous pledges on National Insurance is a problem which their spokesmen persistently evade. In Ireland they have prepared a harvest which will then be ripe for the sowers of lawlessness and

revolt. If not pledged to actual repeal of the Parliament Act, they are certainly involved in the deepest engagements to a fresh constitutional adventure, in which a flame of popular excitement may be kindled not less ardent than the steady blaze in which their hopes of the two elections in 1910 were consumed. And at the end of it all, what next? By that time—say, six or seven years hence, *i.e.*, about the year 1920—they may have struggled through the vicissitudes which confront every Government, and possibly through some others such as have hitherto assailed no Government, and then they are to go to the country, burdened not only with their arrears of normal unpopularity, but with the additional and self-imposed handicap of a stale policy known to have been rejected at three preceding elections, and at a fourth deliberately shelved because of its intolerable odium. If Mr. Chamberlain trampled on such a cynical mockery, masquerading in the name of compromise, he did no more than a convinced Protectionist or Imperial Preferentialist was bound to do. Honestly meant, the device can only imply that the Preference movement is to be abandoned as "thoroughly unpopular and no longer necessary."

But there is another and more credible alternative. A party having no anchorage in principle, which is prepared to-day to drum out every free-fooder from its ranks, and to-morrow to make a sacrifice of all its food-taxers, may quite as readily swing back to its starting-point. Its policy is one of mere opportunism. For the moment the weight of Lancashire and the great urban constituencies happens to have inclined the balance in one direction, but with no guarantee against an eventual readjustment to suit the rival and incompatible demands of agriculture. A system of bounties is vaguely foreshadowed as a possible means of reconciling the food interest to its threatened exclusion from the Protectionist Canaan, an exclusion which is to be aggravated by an increase in the cost of implements, machinery, and building material, all for the benefit of the prosperous yet protected manufacturer in the big towns. Precarious as well as inadequate, this kind of bribe has had its day in Unionist policy, a day, however, of much smaller things than agriculturists have been taught to visualise in their more recent dreams of a Protectionist future. What sort of consolation can it bring to such awakened minds to be told that "the complete transformation in the conditions of our food supply necessarily modifies the political problem," and that "by natural and economic forces Mr. Chamberlain's great aim is being realised" without the necessity of putting an extra penny in the pockets of the British farmer? A political problem, or rather a political attitude, which is so prone to modification, is certain to invite further trials of its flexibility; and, candidly, we might have more faith in the fixity of those natural and economic forces if we could see them retaining their present place in Unionist esteem after a single by-election had been fought and lost by the Opposition in some agricultural Bolton. Meanwhile, the ten years' game of tactics is to be lengthened in diverse forms into perhaps ten years more, and with no prospect that, even as tactics, it will be more successful in the future than it has been in the past.

THE PRESSURE FOR PEACE.

THERE were those who urged when the Balkan War broke out, that it had disposed of the growing conviction that the elaborate organisation of credit in modern communities is making a European war a catastrophe so universally disastrous as to be well-nigh impossible. The Balkans are, as it happens, the last corner of Europe to which one would expect this thesis to apply. In the first place, the condition of European Turkey was not a state of peace. Its population lived, with recurring intervals of rebellion and civil strife, under a system of continual conquest which made every detail of government an act of war. In the second place, credit and industry in these agricultural States have not yet attained a typically modern organisation. But the mood of Europe during this anxious week must have reminded every thoughtful observer of Mr. Norman Angell's theory.

With every provocation and many solid inducements to break off negotiations, the Allies were constrained to "suspend" them. They had been dealing with an adversary whose refusal to recognise plain facts would have been irritating if it had not been humorous, and with imperturbable suavity the Turks had exhausted every expedient of delay. A resumption of the war would probably have led to little serious fighting. The plight of the Turks in the Tchataldja lines is not nearly so favorable as their press pretends. They have not yet housed their troops in these permanent works; the Bulgarians in their improvised defences are already under the shelter of huts. It is not surprising to learn that disease and exposure are daily thinning the Turkish ranks. Of an advance the Turks are incapable, and a Bulgarian attack on Tchataldja would seem superfluous. On the other hand, it is unlikely that Adrianople, reduced by famine and sickness, could now resist a bombardment followed by a single resolute assault. It is possible that two or three days' fighting would settle, by making an accomplished fact, the one grave question which prevents the conclusion of peace. But the war has not been renewed, and we are confident that it will not be renewed. The pressure for peace has come from the sincere and unanimous will of Europe. It is not primarily an enlightened statecraft or a humane shrinking from further slaughter which has set the will of Europe in motion. The tension caused by this war, and especially the financial tension, is becoming intolerable. Austria and Russia are maintaining their armies on a footing of war, and a prolonged mobilisation must cost them only something less than a short campaign. Business in both countries is at a standstill, and the disturbance of the Money Market which results from their alarms and pre-occupations reacts on both the groups to which they belong. It is because peace is necessary to Europe that peace will be imposed in the Balkans. The Triple Alliance has joined the Triple Entente in dissuading Turkey from further resistance. It has even made some wise and practical suggestions which may ease the surrender of Adrianople. Counsels so weighty and so unanimous may suffice to bring about a solution. An armed demonstration by the navies of the Powers at

Constantinople is not yet necessary, but the mood of Europe is so resolutely set on peace that the Turks can hardly doubt that whatever pressure may be needed to secure it will eventually be used.

The delay in reaching a solution for the question of Adrianople has already had this advantage—that it has made some concession to the main contention of both parties inevitable. For the Turks, it is mainly sentiment which would be wounded by the loss of Adrianople, and we can well believe that the German proposal to allow Turkey to retain the mosques and the tombs of the Caliphs, under an extra-territorial arrangement, with a small guard, would appreciably ease her regret for the loss of her first capital in Europe. For the Bulgarians, on the other hand, the main issue is strategical. The railway that connects Bulgaria with Dedeagatch, which is likely to become her chief port on the *Ægean*, passes under the guns of the Adrianople forts. If she were to consent in the end to the retention of the city by Turkey, it is obvious that this military menace must be removed at the least by the razing of the forts. Compromise in one direction or the other there certainly must be, and we could wish that the suggestion put forward in these columns for the erection of Thrace, including Adrianople, but excluding Kirk Kilissé, into an autonomous province, might yet be considered by the Powers. It would be of all the solutions the best in the interests of the entire Christian population of Thrace, Greek as well as Bulgarian, and it would "save the face" of both combatants. The main arguments on the Bulgarian side are political rather than ethnographical. Adrianople is not by population a Bulgarian town, and the Bulgarian minority in Thrace is in fact so compactly massed in the north that it could with ease be detached from the rest of the province. The "right of conquest" is not one which Bulgaria would be wise to urge, since it would sanction the possession by her allies of much territory, undoubtedly Bulgarian by population, which they have occupied. But it is legitimate to urge that any solution which left Thrace under the direct rule of the Porte could only be provisional, and the retention of Adrianople as a Turkish fortress would be a continual incitement to fresh armaments. Given the temper and the history of the two races, it is not extravagant to predict that it would mean a renewal of this war in another five years.

The ownership of Adrianople, and, we may add, the question of the *Ægean* Islands, is vital from another standpoint. The satisfaction of Bulgarian claims in Thrace and of Greek claims to the Isles must enormously simplify the adjustment of the boundaries between the Allies. If Bulgaria were to be thwarted in the East, she would inevitably press the more urgently her claims over country in the West now held by the Allies, which undoubtedly is hers by the principle of nationalities. If Greece were to be deprived of the chief *Ægean* Islands, which have a population almost exclusively Greek, and of singularly pure descent, she in her turn would be tempted to press for the possession of Salonica, which ought to be a neutral Hansa town, and to extend her claims in Albania even beyond the area where the Christian minority, though mainly Albanian in origin,

is certainly Hellenic by sympathy. There would result an unsatisfactory partition, which must work grievous injury to the sentiments and interests of the populations affected, and leave behind it a legacy of discord that would destroy all hope of the formation of a permanent Balkan federation. The first step towards a satisfactory settlement in Macedonia and Albania is in one form or another to satisfy Bulgarian claims in the East, and the second is to give the Ægean Islands, including those which Italy holds in pawn, to the Greek Kingdom. It would be reasonable to forbid the use of those of them which lie near the Dardanelles and the Asiatic coast as naval or military stations. But no scheme of autonomy has ever worked well in these islands, and to hand any of them back to the direct rule of the Turks is the one unthinkable solution. We are tempted to add that the opportunity to do with Cyprus what Gladstone did with Corfu would appeal to a statesman of genius. Gladstone made the Ionian Isles a present to the young kingdom when it elected its present sovereign. We could not do better than complete the creation of the united Hellenic State by incorporating not merely Crete, but also Cyprus within it.

For the rest, the most anxious question that awaits the decision of the Powers is the drawing of the frontiers of Albania. They have already adopted the principle of autonomy, and with that goes implicitly the further principle that the new Albania must be so constituted as to have before her the possibility of an independent and self-respecting existence. If every town which is already partially civilised and a centre of culture, Scutari in the North, Jannina in the South, and Coritza in the South-east, is given to the Allies, the population that remains will be less progressive and less educated than it need be. If every fertile plain is annexed by the Balkan League, then the mountaineers who remain within a little territory of rocks and snows will never succeed in establishing their new State on a sound economic basis. Albania needs her civilised population, and she needs her material resources. Already if they acquire Kossovo and Southern Epirus, Serbia and Greece will have been aggrandised at the expense of a population which is in origin mainly Albanian. There are spoils enough for all the victors without ruining the chances of a free Albania.

THE CHANCES FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE near approach of the Franchise Bill is producing a great deal of speculation as to the fate of the various amendments designed to include women in the Bill, and the two opposing parties are actively deliberating and preparing for the debate. It is practically impossible at this stage to estimate the strength of the forces on either side, because there are a considerable number of Members of Parliament who refuse to commit themselves either way, and it is their vote or abstention that may possibly be the deciding factor in the long run. Opinion in this quarter is very sensitive. Any outburst of senseless violence on the part of the militants between now and January 23rd or 24th, on which day the House of Commons will go into Committee on the Bill, is quite

certain to influence votes and have a damaging effect on the cause of woman suffrage. There are Members of Parliament who only have a mild academic interest in the question, there are others who will wait to see how the land lies and make their decision at the last moment, and there are several who, if they are persuaded at the time that the inclusion of women will embarrass the Government and endanger the other great measures that are passing through the House of Commons, will either abstain or possibly give an adverse vote. These last have also to take into account the very serious consequences that will follow if all the amendments to include women are rejected; and not a few are inclined to believe that this is a unique opportunity for settling a vexed question, the suspension of which must continue to be infinitely embarrassing to the Administration in power. The consideration that the loss of the women's amendments will probably mean the dropping of the greater part of the Bill, and the curtailment, therefore, of a well-nigh interminable session, may also weigh with a few. These uncertain fluctuations of opinion exist more especially on the Liberal side, which contains as well the largest body of stalwart suffragists. Opinion on the Opposition side is more clearly defined. Although there may be a few doubtfuls, the suffragists, of whom there are said to be over a hundred, are likely to be solid on certain amendments, and, the more rumors are circulated to the effect that the passage of any of the women's amendments may produce a serious split in the Cabinet, the more certain are they to vote for the suffrage in one form or another.

As for the Irish vote, it would be rash to make any calculation. The rumors of Cabinet resignations and the consequent weakening of the Government are now known to be transparent anti-suffrage devices to influence votes. But the danger to Home Rule would be very much greater if the Irish as a party were to decide on a hostile attitude to the women. Such action would produce deep resentment in many quarters, and it may be safely said that Mr. Redmond's pledge to leave his party free and unfettered will be strictly maintained. But there may be many abstentions, and, indeed, were it decided that the Nationalist party as a whole should abstain on the understanding that Ireland was not to be included in the Bill but should decide the matter for herself in the future, it would relieve the situation of one of its most complicated factors, and at the same time give relief to Irishmen who may well feel that they will be blamed, whichever way the decision goes.

Taking the amendments in their order, the anti-suffragists hope to find their ranks increased, as a certain number of suffragists will be shed on each occasion in the following way:—

(1) On the adult suffrage amendment—all, or nearly all Tory suffragists, and a few Liberal suffragists, who prefer that no women, rather than all women, should have the vote.

(2) On the Dickinson or Norwegian amendment—a certain number of Tory suffragists who believe this to be too wide, and two or three Liberals who believe it to be too narrow.

(3) On the Conciliation Bill Amendment—some

Liberals who consider such a franchise to be far too narrow.

No canvasser, however astute or persevering, can at this stage fill in the numbers of each section with any degree of accuracy; but it is probable that if votes are given on principle, and not from ulterior motives, the second amendment may be carried. The simplest policy and the best tactics, therefore, are for the suffrage forces to concentrate as far as possible on the second amendment. It will not immediately follow the adult suffrage amendment, as there will be an interval of debate on other points. Even if the Dickinson amendment goes through in Committee, all danger will not be over, as the rest of the Bill has to be passed in the teeth of Tory opposition. Traps will be laid on the Report stage, and even on Third Reading a pure party vote cannot be regarded as certain.

It is not to be expected that this question, which holds a unique position, which therefore has to be introduced by unprecedented methods—such as a non-party amendment of capital importance to a Government measure—and which is brought forward at the end of a long and heavy session, can present itself as a single and simple issue. But, amid all the tangle of opposing tactics, in the misty atmosphere of rumor and suspicion, with all the confusion and misgiving caused by the discovery of an anti-government motive concealed in a suffrage vote, and a pro-government motive cloaked in an anti-suffrage vote, it will be well for Liberal Members to bear one or two considerations strongly in mind.

The Prime Minister has done his best (and if he were a strong advocate of woman suffrage he could not have done more) to allow his supporters a perfectly free hand, and to give the cause a fair opportunity. No vote of theirs, therefore, will embarrass the Government of which he is the head. No device has been suggested, or, so far as one can see, can be suggested, by which the women's cause could be given a better chance. Private Members' Bills are doomed to failure, and no conceivable Government can on their own initiative introduce a Bill to enfranchise women. There is a majority in favor of woman suffrage in the House of Commons, and, as the decision rests with the House of Commons without regard to party, no consideration should interfere with the House expressing its clear opinion on this occasion. If it fails, women will have every justification in declaring that they have once more been betrayed, and that the cause will for ever be sacrificed by the infirmity of purpose of Members of Parliament. To vote against the amendments from any motive except sincere conviction is to play the game of the extreme militants, who obviously desire the rejection of all the amendments in order that they may continue a disastrous agitation. Finally, it is safer, fairer, and more honest, as well as more politic, to vote straight for a principle than to indulge in uncertain calculations as to eventual consequences and possible contingencies which may never arise.

THE CRISIS IN THE OPIUM QUESTION.

To understand the extremely awkward entanglement in which its persistence in exporting opium to China has

involved the Indian Government, one must bear the recent history of this question in mind. It was in September, 1906, that a brief Imperial decree appeared in the "Pekin Gazette," commanding that within a period of ten years "the evils arising from foreign and native opium shall be equally and completely eradicated," and ordering the Government Council to frame such measures as would put an end to the consumption of the drug and the cultivation of the poppy. The regulations were duly drawn up and promulgated, and the anti-opium crusade was thus officially launched. Several subsequent edicts have emphasised the determination of the Central Government to further its progress, and there can be no doubt that the sentiment of the masses was overwhelmingly on the side of the reformers, and does not appear since then to have appreciably weakened. The National Assembly was no sooner constituted in 1910 than it took up, as its first business, the more effective prosecution of the anti-opium campaign. The Republic promptly disqualified opium-smokers from voting. Within the last month or two, five Chinamen have been put to death for violating the anti-opium ordinances. It is clear, therefore, that there is still a considerable power of popular enthusiasm and official activity behind the movement. If it has not produced equally uniform results, the reason is to be found on the surface of Chinese conditions. In the absence of a strong central Government, the agitation could only hope to succeed if it were backed up by a sustained popular approval, and if the influence of the local Governors and of the educated classes were steadily exerted on its behalf. And even with this support, it was clear from the outset that the task of supervising and diminishing the cultivation of the poppy, of closing the opium dens, of registering the smokers, of preventing smuggling, of safeguarding against the danger of driving the vice underground without suppressing it, of reimbursing the provincial exchequers for their loss of revenue, and of devising ways and means of compensation to the growers and traders, presented enormous difficulties.

But the opium question in China is an international as well as a domestic question. It involves, first, the foreign settlements and colonies in and around the Middle Kingdom; and, secondly, it involves India, the only country that grows the poppy and exports the drug on any scale worth mentioning. China obviously would reduce the cultivation of native opium to little purpose if it continued to be smuggled or imported from abroad. Her clear course was to aim at an arrangement with the Powers that would cut down the importation of the drug in proportion to its diminished cultivation in China. The Indian Government in 1907 entered into such an arrangement. It agreed to diminish the export of opium to China by one-tenth annually, *pari passu* with an equal decrease of the native drug, up to the year 1910, and to continue the compact in 1911 and subsequent years on proof that China had carried out her share of the bargain. The Indian Government has been as good as its word. No opium can be raised in India except by its consent. It issues annual licenses to the farmers, specifying the number of acres they may culti-

vate with the poppy. It buys up the entire crop, manufactures the opium, and sells it to wholesale dealers at monthly auctions in Calcutta and Bombay. It was, therefore, an easy matter for it to regulate the export of the drug in accordance with its agreements. Three years' working of the 1907 arrangement seemed to justify the hope that the whole wretched problem would automatically solve itself; and this hope was strengthened when, early in 1911, a further agreement was concluded with China.

Two powerful factors, however, were working against the consummation that seemed well in sight. The first was the prodigious advance in the value of opium, due to the simultaneous decline of production, both in India and in China. Between 1907 and 1911 the price of a chest of Indian opium at the Treaty Ports was practically quadrupled, and the Indian Government, which expected to receive only some £11,000,000 in opium revenue for the nine years between 1908 and 1916, finds that it has already received over £20,000,000. The temptation to the Chinese peasant, especially in the remote provinces, or where the local Governor was indifferent, to take advantage of the high prices by renewing the cultivation of the poppy, was irresistible. He could not see, nor was it easy to explain to him, why the foreigner should be allowed to reap a handsome profit from an industry in which he himself was forbidden to engage. And on the top of this, in the autumn of 1911, came the Chinese Revolution. Its first result was still further to weaken the already feeble authority of the central government over the provinces. Edicts, which are never self-enforcing, ceased for a time to be operative at all; and the cultivation of the poppy was undoubtedly resumed in many parts of the Empire on a considerable scale. Matters have improved since then, and the Government appears to be gaining something every month in vigor and effectiveness; but it is probably the fact that the fundamental clause in the 1907 compact has been violated, and that the production of opium in China at this moment is increasing instead of diminishing. The situation, moreover, has been greatly complicated by the article in the Agreement of 1911 that permitted any Chinese province which has ceased cultivating and importing the native drug to refuse admission to Indian opium. Certain provinces have unquestionably barred out Indian opium without abandoning the cultivation of the Chinese poppy. Meanwhile, vast stores of the Indian drug, to the value, it is estimated, of over £10,000,000, have accumulated at the bonded warehouses in Shanghai and Canton; its sale and distribution are alike prevented by the local officials; dealers, bankers, and shipping firms are bombarding the Indian Government with petitions; the authorities at Peking, being powerless, reply to all remonstrances with a polite evasiveness; at Anking a few weeks ago some Chinese officials publicly burned seven chests of opium; and so serious has the crisis become that the Indian Government last Saturday decided to suspend further sales of the drug until the existing stocks at the Treaty Ports have been cleared.

There are few pages in history more dishonoring than those which record the shameful tale of Great

Britain's determination to force upon China a besotting drug in the interests of Indian revenue and against the impassioned protests of the Chinese Government and people. It is true we were not the first to introduce opium into China. But it is not less true that in the nineteenth century we twice went to war to coerce China to legalise a traffic she had declared to be contraband; that by smuggling and force we fastened the vice upon millions of Chinamen who might and probably would have escaped it; that but for our actions China would never have relaxed the prohibition on the growth of native opium; and that, having taken up a morally indefensible position and maintained it by the sheer brutality of superior and conscienceless force, we cannot evade the responsibility for much of the appalling misery which opium-smoking has inflicted upon a country inhabited by one-fifth of the human race. Nothing has more prejudiced China against the policies, religion, civilisation and ethics of the West than the methods employed by Great Britain to replenish the Indian Treasury from the degradation of the Chinese masses. Whatever happens, those methods will not be resorted to again. This country will never tolerate the use of force to compel China to accept Indian opium, agreement or no agreement. That at least is certain, and it is something to be thankful for. The Bombay and Calcutta dealers who have purchased the opium from the Indian Government, on the faith of treaty arrangements, have a clear case for financial compensation if the stocks they have shipped to the Treaty Ports can be disposed of neither in China nor elsewhere. But the Indian Government, if it is wise, will seize the opportunity for making an end of the whole traffic. It was, in any case, to be brought to a close a few years hence; it ought to be stopped now. The Government have already suspended the auction sales; they ought to go a step further, revoke every licence that has been granted for the cultivation of the poppy, and announce that the trade is henceforward forbidden.

A London Diary.

I DOUBT whether the Unionist leadership in either House can be regarded as settled by the testimonial of confidence which is about to be presented to Mr. Bonar Law. In the Commons the uncertainty arises from Mr. Law's own attitude, which at times, strange to say, suggests an over-sensitiveness to criticism, and in the Lords from a certain failure in sympathy between the various and strongly-marked personalities who share the Front Opposition Bench with Lord Lansdowne. Gossip is especially busy just now with the latter's name and supposed intentions. Since he consented to take up the leadership in the Lords, he has twice been on the verge of resignation—first, on the occasion of the "Die-hard" revolt, and again, there is reason to believe, within the last few days. Professions of undying allegiance to a party leader are often the prelude to an early severance. Three or four days before Mr. Balfour retired, Mr. Bonar Law (who does not believe in praising one's

leaders) was comparing him with Cromwell in his darkest hour—a strong man, in whom hope shone like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all the others.

THE Tariff Reform split absorbs all the time and energies of Tory members, who occupy their whole day with meetings, conferences, and consultations, while Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment sail through on very calm waters. Liberal members are all sincerely anxious that the Food Taxers shall win the day, and that Mr. Page Croft will be able to give still larger dinner parties.

It is curious for how little the Cecils count in these party wrangles. Formidable figures in debate in the House, they appear to have practically no influence with their colleagues. The fact is the honest Tory thinks them "a bit too clever."

I HEAR on good authority that the position of the Turks in the Tchataldja lines is very much worse, and that of the Allies very much better, than is generally supposed here. The Turkish army is losing seventy men a day from disease; there are daily desertions from it; and while the Bulgarians have been all provided with huts for more than a fortnight, the Turkish shelters are unsatisfactory and few in number. It has also leaked out that when Nazim Pasha telegraphed for an armistice, he stated that he could not hold out against other attacks. The Bulgarians are full of confidence, and their officers have telegraphed to London that they have everything to gain by a renewal of operations.

THE Albanians have been fortunate in the choice of the delegates who have arrived in London to represent their Provisional Government while the Ambassadors' Conference is sitting. Their culture and tact is bound to make an impression, even where the picturesque traveller's legend still lingers that this most promising race is composed only of wild clansmen. Their mission is, of course, in the first place to convince the Powers that their future depends on a generous delimitation of their frontiers. Here, I believe, they are forcing an open door, for, as a friendly Ambassador put it, "*L'Albanie doit être viable.*" She can lead a tolerable and independent life only if her more advanced and wealthy districts are included within her boundaries. I found the Delegates, who consist of two Moslems and a Catholic, decidedly opposed to the suggestion that an Egyptian Prince should be put at the head of the new State. They do not desire a Moslem ruler, and so far from wishing to lay stress on the fact that a majority of their population consists of somewhat nominal Mohammedans, their desire is rather to take rank as a European people which looks westward. Nor do they wish to see the Caliph empowered, as the head of the Mohammedan community, to retain any control over their country by reason of his supervision of religious property. In no country of the Balkans is the religious difficulty so little serious.

ALTHOUGH there is much quiet confidence among the

Nationalists in the ability of their candidate at Londonderry to capture the seat, I gather that the result is not altogether a foregone conclusion. If the Unionists had despaired of success, so I am assured, they would almost certainly have countenanced a double Unionist candidature, so that in the event of disaster they might plead a split in their own ranks as the cause. To win the seat in a straight fight would be a notable triumph for the Nationalists just at this time. But for special circumstances they would probably have regained it three years ago.

If distinction both of service and personality counts in public office, the Government have made an excellent selection in appointing Sir Sydney Olivier to be Permanent Secretary of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Without wishing to be invidious, most people would agree that there are few high officials of such marked individuality. It is not often, I think, that a civil servant in the Colonial, or any other public office, has been able to be recognised as one of the leaders in a Socialistic body like the Fabians; to support the unpopular and anti-Government side in such a war as the South African; or to publish so searching an examination of a burning question as Sir Sydney's "*White Capital and Colored Labor.*" Yet, in spite of all this, he has now been Governor of Jamaica for nearly six years, after acting as Governor before, and within his term of office has done all that one man could, not merely to build up a new capital city upon the ruins left by the earthquake, but to solve the far more difficult problems of the negro population. I do not know what scope the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries may offer to a man so active, independent, and careless of tradition, but one naturally expects a remarkable change or two.

THERE was a strong meeting of members and one or two "outsiders" in the House of Commons last Monday to hear Mr. Hain-Jou-Kia, a pleasant and highly educated young Chinaman, who has come over in the interests of the young Republic. His object is to form a "Chinophile group" in London, like the group he has already formed in Paris under the presidency of the distinguished scientist and Deputy, M. Painlevé. Anatole France has given the movement his blessing, and similar groups are being formed in all the great capitals. The action of the Powers, including this country, in regard to the Crisp loan has shown only too plainly the extreme danger to which the Republic is exposed from financial pressure; and military pressure from at least one side, if not two, is likely to be quite as strong. The groups will at once receive trustworthy information about such dangers, and can make the truth known to their countries and their governments (who perhaps will not always relish it). The Chinese elections are on the point of being held, and the first Republican Parliament will meet in five or six weeks.

Rugby footballers speak in high terms of the South African team which, after winning games against Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, closed their tour in this

country by beating England at Twickenham on Saturday last. Each side scored a try, but the South African full-back kicked two penalty goals, almost from the half-way mark and at rather difficult angles. The game was, I am told, a very exciting one to watch. The South African side was heavier and speedier than the English, but the English forwards were good at getting the ball from touch, and, among the three-quarters, Poulton was in splendid form. The Rugby game seems to have taken firm root in the colonies. Within the past few years Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have sent over teams that have been able to hold their own against British sides, but this year's South African team is the first that has escaped defeat in the international matches. Their players were about equally divided between men of British and of Boer extraction.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY.

If the episcopal palace of Cambrai had been in flames, and Fénelon with his maid-servant were in danger of burning within it, which of them would the virtuous spectator elect to rescue, if he could save only one? That problem amused the speculative leisure of the eighteenth century, and it is, when one considers it nicely, a touchstone of one's attitude to life. William Godwin has left his own solution on record. He would of course have saved the author, and regretfully consigned the maid to the flames, saying no doubt, as a Moslem butcher will say to the beast he slaughters, "Allah give thee strength to bear this thy great affliction." But Godwin's was an interested judgment. He saw in Fénelon a fellow-philosopher, and he had perforce to make a stand for the dignity of his caste. Much as he contemned emotion, he was in his own person a man of a sensitive vanity and an active imagination. We suspect that he pictured his rescuer pausing reverently as he approached him through the flames, and exclaiming, as the enterprising widow who afterwards married him exclaimed when she saw him for the first time from a neighboring balcony, "Is it possible that it is the illustrious Godwin whom I see before me?" The right to such a moment was not to be lightly surrendered, especially when the dignity of philosophy was at stake. For our part, we can view the question with fewer prepossessions. We think we should pause to relieve Fénelon of any completed manuscript which he might have upon his person. But we should incline to say that precisely because the Bishop was a superior intelligence, with an exemplary life behind him, he was the better fitted of the two for the great adventure before him. We should have offered him for consolation that resonant and most enviable of epitaphs, that nothing in life would become him like the leaving of it. For the rest, we should remember that the maid was a young woman, with all her possibilities of emotion still vital within her. When it comes to measuring life, a peasant girl who feels is more living than a sage who thinks. But when all is said, the test is an unreal one. If Fénelon deserved our veneration, he would permit no choice. Though his head teemed with unwritten masterpieces, though the maid were an unlettered simpleton, he would prefer her salvation to his own. There is no life so valuable but its worth would vanish if it were to shrink from the supreme affirmation of itself which we misname self-sacrifice. A great man makes little account of the intrinsic value of the thing he saves. Byron gave his life for Greek liberty, but for all the rank he has won as the chief of Philhellenes, it was not because he admired

the Greeks. He would have risked it as readily for his Newfoundland dog. What is great is the gesture of daring, the impulsive assertion that safety and self-preservation and the allurements of prudent ease are as nothing to the act of will which stakes everything for a generous end.

Fifteen years ago it was the privilege of the writer to witness such an act. It was during that disastrous war which served as the untimely prelude to the triumphs of this winter in the Balkans. The Greek army, demoralised by defeats and retreats, had established itself in the strong position of Domokos. It seemed to draw from the heights which it defended a new faith in itself, and throughout the day it fought, without enterprise indeed, yet with steadiness. On the extreme left wing the slow advance of the Turkish infantry was successfully resisted, mainly by the Foreign Legion, but at the hour when it seemed possible to deliver a counter-attack, the ammunition failed, and a paralysing sense of inadequate numbers depressed its initiative. Then it was that there began the superb spectacle of an unflinching advance of inferior numbers, formidable only by their courage, against the dim masses of the Turkish army, supported by those distant reserves which seemed to stretch illimitably on the far horizon. It announced itself by an irregular crackle of musketry, a ragged firing of volleys, with nothing of the precision of the parade, but with all the reality of hurried steps and eager purpose. Soon the exciting noise had advanced beyond that low hill which concealed it. Red shirts were striding knee-deep through the young green corn of the Thessalian plain. They might have diverted their path to take advantage of a low hillock, which lay diagonally in front of the main body of the Turks. They might have followed another line among rocks, big enough to give cover to a man and numerous enough to mask their vanguard's advance. Their strategy was a reckless defiance. They disdained cover. They scorned prudence. They strode erect, and marched at something between a walk and a run in a brave straight line. It was a strategy true to their colors. Their uniform was the red badge of courage. It flaunted its challenge in the ardent sunlight of the Greek afternoon, as who should say, "Here is your target, soldiers of despotism, the target which Austrians and Neapolitans have battered in vain, the scarlet ensign of our resolve which knows no ambiguities or concealments! Shoot us down, and as we fall we proclaim our disdain of prudence; shoot your fastest, and still our rash advance shall reach your lines!" At their head rode Riciotti Garibaldi on a great white horse, and the choice of its color seemed to proclaim his name. He, too, disdained concealment, and invited the attention of the Turkish marksmen. The strategy was superbly wise. None of us knew what happened among our Turkish adversaries. One moment they were there firing steadily, the next they were gone, and the swift fall of evening began to cover their retreat. The bayonets were out, but they were never used. The menace of that swift advance, the challenge of the gay red shirts, had done its work and intimidated a fine soldiery, whose qualities include a passive steadiness but nothing of adventurous resolve and the glad courtship of danger. At a little wooden cross among the fields the advance was stayed. Shouts in many tongues exchanged greetings and congratulations. One counted the Turkish dead in stolid German accents. A Frenchman brought the news that the Legion's commander was mortally wounded. An English voice, with a certain suppressed eagerness, schooled itself to talk quietly in that crisis of excitement and success, and debated practical matters of equipment and commissariat. The voice belonged to Mr. Palmer Newbould.

The cycle has gone round again. The war that ended in humiliation and defeat has been renewed with victory and conquest. Soldiers who fled as lads from Larissa to Pharsala have marched as men to Salonica. With an insatiable gallantry that gave itself without reserve to peril and adventure and the hazard of liberty, Mr. Newbould, who had volunteered for Greece in youth, offered himself again in the prime of a useful and active manhood. He realised the character of the happy warrior,

and followed in mature life "the plan that pleased his boyish thoughts." For him there could be no excess of devotion. His life knew one passion for freedom, and in that cause he could not give too much. He had hurried in that first campaign from one field of operations to another, fighting in Epirus while the battle raged there, and making for Thessaly when it slackened. The same ardor carried him in this war, first to Salonica, until Macedonia was freed, and then back to those early scenes in Epirus, when that field alone remained on which the enemy could be met. It is a cruel fate which has ended the gallant life, after so many victories survived, in an obscure skirmish under the walls of Jannina. His friends will wish that he could have said "enough," and waited in Salonica for the triumphant peace. But it would be a superficial judgment which could speak of the brave life as wasted which has spent itself so recklessly for an ideal end. A man may affirm his faith in human brotherhood who strives for peace, and labors to end the discord of severed peoples. A man who volunteers to risk his life in the struggle for the freedom of an alien race breaks down the same barrier of strange blood and foreign speech with a dramatic smashing blow, where his fellow can but sap and mine. It is not numbers which count in these adventures. Only a few hundreds of Englishmen wore the red shirt in all the Risorgimento campaigns. But the tradition of the imperturbable Peard, Garibaldi's Englishman, remains for ever in the Italian memory, to prove that two widely sundered peoples moved to one impulse. Tom Paine alone and Lafayette in the popular memory live to incarnate the sympathies of rebel America and revolutionary France. Of all the Europeans who wore a sword in the Greek War of Independence, it is only Byron who survives to give his name to village cafés and streets. The volunteer in these enterprises can but personify the sympathy of the thousands whom work or family ties or want of skill in arms detain at home. He is to the popular mind the ambassador and herald of this sympathy. There are flowers in his path until he reaches the front, and a fine perception of his spirit allows him the foremost place in the hottest of the battle. A well-turned phrase in the general orders of the day acknowledges his prowess, and, when he falls, a nation remembers his name. We do not doubt that Greece will keep the memory of this ardent soldier of liberty perennially green. Ingratitude is not among the faults of this generous race. But it is we in England who owe him the deeper debt. Where we gave words, he offered life itself. Where we thought that the cause of an oppressed people was in a sense our own, he knew it so singly and so simply that he fought in the ranks beside the men whose fathers' backs had felt the Turkish lash. Courage perhaps is not a rare endowment. The average well-nurtured man is rarely cowardly when discipline sets him in the ranks, and duty commands him to be brave. What is rare is the courage which can march at the bidding of a personal impulse, which goes out alone under the spur of an imaginative sympathy to fight in a battle not its own. It makes its battles in the midst of peace. It seeks for danger as its natural place. It carries its life as the thing which gains the supreme value when it has flung it recklessly away.

"THE MAN HIMSELF."

THE question is whether in writing it is possible to form a "style." We know very well there are men and women who practise style in writing almost as devoutly as most people practise style in cricket, golf, or skating. We know that many say they admire "style" for its own sake, just as some admire a cricketer for playing "in such good style," though he never scores, and we know that, at all events till quite lately, style was in reality the only thing that the masters even pretended to teach in the form-rooms of our public schools, just as they and "professionals" seriously taught another kind of style in the playing fields. Up to a certain point

we must admit their success. They turned out many boys who knew the real and hidden or overgrown meaning of many English words, and would not say "evince" when they meant "show," or "phenomenal" when they meant "extraordinary," or "transpired" when they meant "became known." That is a necessary start, for words are the instruments of style, and you must learn something about wood or stone before you can make a tub, a boat, or a cathedral.

In an essay in this month's "Nineteenth Century," Professor Tyrrell approaches this illusive question again. He is inclined to carry the advantage of instruction a few steps further. He believes that instruction does actually prevent people from using obvious and outworn forms of speech, such as "the swing of the pendulum," "a bolt from the blue," "proven up to the hilt." To which we might add "the Sage of Chelsea," "the great Lexicographer," "the cry is still they come," and innumerable weary quotations. Professor Tyrrell traces this restraint to Oxford, and if he is right, one University justifies its existence. Beyond that he does not go explicitly, and he rightly rejects all conscious rules and artifices of style.

"We hate purely mechanical aids," he says, and he pours just scorn upon Stevenson's theory that beauty of style consists in an apt and musical consecution of certain letters. All Stevenson's talk about S and R, and the irresistible charm of P V F, he regards as the nonsense that it is. He also makes very little of the so-called "Clausegesetz," or law of basis and cadence at the ending of sentences. We admit there are rhythms and cadences which are pleasing in themselves, and many writers cling to a distinctive dying fall. Cicero was one of them, and in Ruskin's early prose you can often feel the rhythm coming two or three lines before the sentence ends, and could draw the scheme of it without knowing what the words will be. But we remember some ancient critic who complained that the termination, "esse videtur," was worn to death by Ciceronian writers, and Ruskin at his finest age shook off cadence, alliteration, and every other artifice. There are no parlor tricks in "Fors" or "Præterita."

Professor Tyrrell condemns Stevenson's artificial rules, but, like most critics, he goes on to lavish praise on his style. Yet to ourselves that style appears nearly always to be artificial, and we should no more call it beautiful than we should call sweets a tonic. The passage from "The Ebb Tide," for instance, that Professor Tyrrell quotes with admiration, is mostly affectation. All that was necessary was to say that a flood tide filled the harbor, but Stevenson embellished that piece of information with eight or ten lines of pretty-pretty embroidery, prattling about a surplussage of waters, hunting for alliteration, assuring us that the sea came up "as with the instinct of a homing pigeon." That may not be absolute nonsense, and we know critics who love to suck a phrase like that as though style were a matter of lollypops. But sweet or not, such phrases are the sign of a pretty-pretty and affected mind.

We admit that they might be brought under Voltaire's definition of style, with which Professor Tyrrell appears to agree:—

"Le style rend singulières les choses les plus communes, fortifie les plus faibles, donne de la grandeur aux plus simples."

But unless the writer really perceives singularity in commonplace, strength in weakness, and grandeur in simplicity, we have our doubts as to that definition; for to follow it will only lead into the forcing-houses of literary circles and self-conscious affectation. Samuel Butler used to say that styles had their smell; Pater's smelt of powder, paint, and cherry blossom; Matthew Arnold's like the faint sickliness of hawthorn. Well, such passages from Stevenson at his worst smell to us like the fag end of a literary dinner.

But still, Professor Tyrrell makes it hard to deny a peculiar beauty in mere words, even apart from the idea expressed. The strongest proof he gives is the splendor of certain passages in our Bible and Prayer-book, where the original Latin or Greek appears to him commonplace and jejune. He tells us that the superb passage in the

Revelation (vii. 14 to 17) ending "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," is quite poor in the Greek. So of that petition in the Litany: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," he says the words of the Latin missal are unnoticeable. No one can surpass us in admiration for the language of Cranmer, or whoever it was that wrote the greater part of the Prayer-book. Our speech can never depart without loss from the basis laid by the Prayer-book and Bible, the only two books that the English people have hitherto known intimately. But still, without wishing to contradict Professor Tyrrell on his own subject, we can hardly believe that thoughts such as those could appear commonplace and meagre, no matter in what language they might be expressed. If we had been brought up from babyhood among Greeks or Latins, intimate with all the inner meanings and associations of those words, should we not find there also a grandeur commensurate with the ideas? What is the Hebrew for the third chapter of Job? Must it not necessarily be sublime? That chapter we mean in which Job cursed the day he was born, and concluded:—

"For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come upon me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came."

Lest it should be thought we are prejudiced against Stevenson, we may quote a saying of his that is worth all his artificial rules put together: "If a man can group his ideas, he is a good writer." Certainly, by far the most difficult and necessary task of what is generally called style, whether in writing, speaking, or thought, is the grouping, the arrangement, the lucid consecution. There you get the architecture, the skeleton, the very bones, and unless the bones hang together, it is no good sticking on the ornaments, even if you can endure ornaments. But before you arrange the groups, or set the skeleton together, you must, we suppose, have the ideas to group, and the spirit to vivify the bones. Professor Tyrrell here again appears to think you may have grandeur of style apart from grandeur of idea. He quotes Sir Thomas Browne as an instance, and that resounding writer had occurred to us also as being one whom splendor of language alone might preserve. We had even thought of Milton beside him. But reading them again, we discover that neither are true instances of Professor Tyrrell's contention.

Both attain to their grandeur of language only when their thought is grand. Even Browne's familiar sentence about the "drums and trappings," which Professor Tyrrell gives as an example of a great style without special amplitude of thought—does not its greatness lie, not in the mere sound, but in the flash of imagination which calls up the drumming and trampling hosts of three conquests, under whose feet the dead bones rested quietly so long? And Milton—we have sought in vain for a passage of grand sound and style, but of familiar or uninspiring thought. It seemed just possible to take the grand lines in which he appears to give a mere list of wars, of fine sounding names; but read them again, and what visions arise at each word, what "second intentions," what ennobling scenes of epic and of chivalry!

"Though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspromont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabba."

And so to our own conclusion. We owe Professor Tyrrell thanks for restoring the true form of Buffon's well-known saying, "Le style est l'homme même"; and further for giving us another of Buffon's dictums—"Les idées seules forment le fond du style." Samuel Butler also has somewhere quoted from memory Buffon's belief

that style is like happiness: "il vient de la douceur de l'âme." In those three sayings, and nowhere else, we ourselves believe the ultimate secret of style to lie. It is not a thing that can be learnt separately, or added as an accomplishment, polish, or veneer. It is the man himself, the expression of his whole personality. It is not a matter of words that can be severed from the thought and still remain beautiful. It springs, like happiness, from the inner quality of the soul, and there is no possible means of acquiring it except through the training of a soul, which must also possess certain inherent qualities to start with. If we may turn to Samuel Butler again, let us take a few sentences from his *Note Books*:—

"I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable."

"I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is a style at all, or whether it is not, as I hope and believe, just common, simple straightforwardness. I cannot conceive how any man can take thought for his style without loss to himself and his readers."

After observing that he had certainly taken great pains to improve his handwriting, he continues,

"I have also taken great pains to correct impatience, irritability, and other like faults in my own character—and this not because I care two straws about my own character, but because I find the correction of such faults as I have been able to correct makes life easier and saves me from getting into scrapes, and attaches nice people to me more readily. But I suppose this really is attending to style after all."

There we have the secret cropping out again. Certainly, to seek to correct the character is attending to style. For the style is the soul itself. Ignorant, simple, affected, scholarly, gorgeous, or superbly austere, it is but the reflection, or rather the reality, of the inner soul. The formless mind produces the formless style. The beautiful thought cannot exist apart from the beautiful form; and you might as well seek to graft a thing called a good style upon a rotten, slovenly, cowardly, or insensitive nature as to gather grapes of thorns. Our delight in a good style comes partly from the sense, sound, clearness, arrangement, brevity, and other necessary qualities; but chiefly it springs from our half-conscious love for the stern, indignant, joyful, clear-sighted, impassioned, or otherwise beautiful spirit which it reveals.

THE ANNALS OF THE POOR.

THE life of the governing class of the last century is revealed to us in numberless intimate pictures derived from diaries and memoirs. There is no danger that these sources of historical knowledge will be neglected, for there is a strong family interest prompting people of leisure and means to study the records of their ancestors. It is probable that such publications will err, if they err, rather on the side of fulness; for most people think their relations more interesting than the world finds them to be, and that is an error that will be pardoned by readers who are under no compulsion to master all the facts put before them, whether or no they possess any significance or value. But concentration on these records has produced a very one-sided picture of English history, and there has been a general consent to ignore the life and fortunes of the classes that have not left those persistent memories behind them. It is one excellent result of the Workers' Educational Movement that a reading public is growing up which is not satisfied with this partial and incomplete literature, and demands some attention to the vestiges that remain of another and a larger society—the society that has left fewer records, but infinitely more descendants.

A study that will receive a warm welcome from all those who are looking for these more intimate records of English life has just been added to the series edited by Dr. Vinogradoff. ("Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History." Clarendon Press.) It is a history of a hundred years of Poor Law Administration in the parish of Tysoe, in the south-east of Warwickshire, compiled by Mr. A. W. Ashby, formerly of Ruskin

College. In these two hundred pages, we get a most valuable and profoundly interesting picture of village society. Tysoe was enclosed by an Act passed in 1796. Mr. Ashby analyses this award, and shows, what other students of enclosure have found, that the small men were hit very hard by the arrangements for fencing. The social revolution that was taking place over a great part of England is illustrated by the fact that Lord Northampton's tenants declined from thirty-one in 1800 to twenty-one in 1815, while the rent of his estates increased from £1,700 in 1803 to £2,480 in 1811. Another significant fact is that in spite of the expenses of enclosure, and the increasing cost of poor relief, the lord of the manor and thirteen others of the largest owners redeemed the land tax on their properties between 1798 and 1800. On the other hand, the poor rates rose from £565 in 1790 to £2,912 in 1800.

A very important feature of village life under the old Poor Law was the incessant litigation about settlement. It is a commonplace of historians that some parishes could have maintained their poor on the money they wasted in quarrelling with each other over their respective liabilities. Down to 1795 any man who came to a parish could be removed within forty days from his arrival, on the ground that if he stayed long enough to acquire a settlement he might become chargeable to the parish, and his original parish would thus escape its obligation to maintain him. In the great distress and degradation at the end of the century, when the manual laborer was a pauper, this was a very real spectre to the overseers. All kinds of fraud were employed by parish officers to keep down the parish liabilities, and to the actual expense of litigation must be added bribes and the cost of removal. It was calculated on one occasion, when forty settlement appeals were tried at Warwick, that the interest on the sum expended would have supported each of the forty families for the remainder of their lives. A series of extracts from the Poor Law accounts of Tysoe for 1780 to 1781 gives us a better picture of the way the money was spent than all the accounts ever written by historians. The hero of the story is a Mr. J. Bister.

	£	s.	d.
Horse hire and expense when we sweared J. Bister to his settlement ...	3	0	
Eating and drinking when J. Bister was kept a prisoner ...	1	1	4
Paid for a licence to marry J. Bister with ...	1	15	0
Paid for Justice's order ...	9	6	
Mitimus, &c., on J. B.'s account ...	9	6	
Warrant to take J. B. ...	2	0	
For backing at the Justices' meeting ...	1	0	
Minister and Clerk marrying J. B. ...	6	0	
Witnesses from Harbury, day's work, and dinner ...	12	6	
Ale and liquor ...	3	0	
Guarding J. B. ...	3	0	
Carrying J. B. and his wife to Harbury ...	5	0	
Horses, guards, &c., J. B.'s account ...	16	0	
To expenses at Coventry, Harbury, and elsewhere, fetching witness on J. B.'s account ...	1	1	6
Witnesses at Warwick Session ...	17	0	
Expenses of 2 persons and 2 horses going to St. Albans concerning Morris, 2 horses 4 days at 2s. 6d., self 4 days at 1s., same account. And 1 horse 5 days on J. Bister's account ...	3	18	7
Horses when we went to prove J. B.'s settlement ...	1	11	6
Brown Well's horse going to Coventry and Harbury ...	10	0	
To the attorney for counsel and self for a cause that was tried with the inhabitants of Harbury in having taken J. Bister and his wife with an order of settlement to Harbury, they having appealed, but withdrew ...	5	10	8
Horses on J. Bister's account ...	16	0	
To Anne Coles bill for eating and drinking on James Bister's account ...	2	1	6

Thus, Tysoe alone paid something like £22 in order to shovel J. B. into Harbury, a parish about the same size, ten miles to the north, and probably Harbury paid as much in the vain effort to escape the honor thus thrust upon it. The entire series gives a vivid picture of village life, for it will be noted that the expenses include the cost of the marriage of the redoubtable J. B. This romantic item might seem out of place in the Poor Law accounts until we remember that if there was one thing more satisfactory to a parish than to shift a possible pauper into

its neighbor's territory, it was to provide him before doing so with a wife from its own territory who was also a possible pauper. In this case the bridegroom seems to have been a little diffident of the success of the scheme of married life mapped out for him by the overseers, and the parish had to go to the expense of guarding him, from the fear that he might default and upset the manœuvre. The guard, being human, had to eat and drink, and there was a considerable bill at the tavern in consequence. However, the whole affair ended happily—so far as Tysoe was concerned.

The parish never had a workhouse, though the overseers housed a certain number of paupers in cottages, and by 1830 some twenty cottages were on their hands. Medical relief was given throughout the eighteenth century. Sometimes the overseers paid the doctor's bill, or part of it. "Pd. half a doctor's bill for curing Richard Prett's knee, £1 6s. 3d." Sometimes they paid the bonesetter's, and often they bought bottles of "Daffy's Elixir" from herbalists, or an opiate, still fashionable in the village a few years ago, known as "Godfrey's." From 1790 a house for small-pox patients was provided on a lonely farm two miles from the village. The feature of village life that will surprise most readers is the extent of its public trading. During the whole of the eighteenth century the parish owned, kept in repair, and used its own malthouse. At the end of the century it took to coal-dealing on a large scale, and from 1795 it owned and conducted a bakery. The bakery was organised at the time of the famine of 1795; a bakehouse was built, and a committee appointed to buy flour and carry out the arrangements. The parish malthouse was not established under the Poor Laws, and therefore there are not many references to it in the overseers' accounts. Mr. Ashby suggests that it had its origin in the feasts of the Church or of some Guild. But there is a great deal of interesting information about the coal-dealing carried on by the parish. The Churchwardens and overseers had apparently a monopoly of the retail trade. The buying price varied from 10d. to 1s. 1d. per cwt., and the sale price from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. Hauling cost from 5d. to 7d. The receipts for coal sold rose from £11 in 1787 to £119 in 1825. It is interesting in this connection to trace what happened to the allotment made at the time of the enclosure in compensation for the loss of fuel rights. This allotment was eighteen acres, a generous allowance as such allotments went. Down to 1815 the overseers received about £30 a year "for coals given to the poor." After 1815 the overseers received the rent of the fifteen acres, and gave the poor the value in coals from the public stock. The Charity Commissioners reported in 1830 that this fund was applied to the purchase of coals, which were "distributed during the winter season for three or four weeks to all the poor parishioners of the description of those who were accustomed to cut gorse, giving to each family 1 cwt., the widows and old men $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. per week, till the supply was exhausted." Mr. Ashby has discovered, however, that the overseers valued the coal given to the poor at 4s. a cwt., instead of at its proper price, 1s. 8d. a cwt.; that this coal was given to 180 families or persons, and that the overseers spent less than £13 on the objects for which the allotment had been made. Under this arrangement, the cottagers who had been allowed eighteen acres for their fuel rights received in fact the value of seven acres. This is quite in keeping with the results of researches elsewhere, which have gone to show that the allotments made for the relief of the poor under enclosure awards had a way of being treated as allotments for the relief of the poor rates.

WINTER WITHOUT CREDIT.

It is winter, because the calendar says so, because it is time for winter, because we are half-way between two summers, and everyone and everything agrees to make a Sabbath at this time of the year and in this part of the earth. The sun is the first determinant. His withdrawal from our hemisphere is undoubted, and its importance not to be denied. In the main, his partial

absence means infallible winter. Germany and Russia know it. The broad chisel of the seasons always bites squarely on their great land surface, but in our own outlying bit of land, washed by the equable sea, the sun is not a certain master of temperature. Our weather is furnished by an apparently hap-hazard series of whiffs of equatorial steam, like the swirls of smoke from a cigarette, which may conceivably smoke or leave unsmoked any spot within its general path. In summer there are often days colder than the average of winter, and in winter days, or hours at any rate, warmer than the average of summer. Januaries have been mild, and Februaries and Marches, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that all three months should be summerlike instead of winterlike in one and the same year.

The late green Christmas, "so unlike the real old-fashioned Christmas," was, in spite of this oft-repeated saying, no unfair specimen of the average. The Christmas two feet deep in snow, with crystalline trees and ringing lakes of ice, that every card of the season tells us is the real thing, is really the exception, as the prize ox and the prize turkey that every artist likes for his model are exceptions, and the rule in "the good old times," as well as now, was for winter to be in an amateurish mood at the solstice that marks his beginning. Still, it was unusual, to the verge of the unheard, that red and white roses from the garden should oust the holly from the table, smothering its forced cheerfulness with, at any rate, a smile of summer laughter. "Wait till the New Year comes in," said the old people. The turn of the year is held with unshaken faith as the time when the claws of winter must be felt. But the first week of January has gone, and only brought us a more open sky, and air a degree or so colder, but also a degree more summerlike.

It is sense of period, we dare almost say convention, and not physical condition that keeps our woods and fields asleep. That it is growing weather is shown by a perfect army of rebels against the convention that it is not and cannot be. Where the tropeolum, commonly called nasturtium, threw its seeds, a little jungle of plants has sprung up, tender, or as we say hereabout, "nash" as any herb that grows, but unscathed by our January nights as their parents were by the nights of June. It is but one name to signify a precocity, the mere list of whose participants would fill a page. A self-sown broad bean has its head full of little blossoms so ready to open that they can be counted; a dandelion is wide open, and receives visits from the bees that come near it to the mezereon, winter aconite, and laurestinus. Primrose, polyanthus, and wallflower; veronica, hepatica, and periwinkle have the unusual pleasure of contrasting their colors with the pale snowdrop and Christmas rose. The schoolmaster has got his pupils to collect some wild flowers. The list lengthens daily, and already includes deadnettle, false strawberry, white violet, ground ivy, red campion; but what need to lengthen the list when hawk-weed and lamb's lettuce are not only to be had for searching, but thrust themselves upon us almost at every turn?

Those wise farmers, the birds, might know better than to call this armistice spring. It is their morning chattering more than all that makes us think that our dreams of summer must have been true. When, almost at daybreak, the blackbird gives forth his "round and roguish challenge," it must surely be May. Those strings of sparrows that fly chattering in and out the yews and round and round the brushwood bole of the elm, make it almost impossible for us to date our letters "January." The starling, whistling and clucking and clattering castanets on the chimney-top, must surely be cheering his mate once more at her work of stopping-up our rainwater spout. The wisest bird in the whole country-side is the rook. The first Sunday in March is the day when the "black republic" begins to carry out the annual building decree. This year the citizens are already spending a considerable part of the day in the elms of their ancestral rookery; they walk about the fields in obvious pairs, and their long to-and-fro flights are diversified with "back-breaking" and all sorts of aerial play. The larks are in their big winter flocks on

the fallows, or more questionably on the young corn. At eleven in the morning, up goes the first bird into the sky, though it is far from blue, and its shower of song comes ringing down. And up goes the next and the next, the infection of summer seizing many members of the flock, which melts and flies less and less strongly about the field till you would think it was about to break up for another year.

It is better than summer for the birds—summer without the anxiety of bringing up families. Food is plentiful enough and easy enough to find, without having the exuberance that compels them to bring new mouths to eat it. The large caterpillars that ought to be sleeping in order to begin very early in the spring are no doubt suffering heavily in the soft soil that affords them no protection from probing beaks. They even walk about, as can be proved by setting down now the slug-traps that we do not usually set till March. A slice of carrot or turnip laid on the ground overnight shelters in the morning not a few slugs and often a great fat caterpillar, to which it is necessary to give the quietus. A little heap of brewers' grains under a cabbage leaf is still more attractive, and we can utilise this exceptional time by making the slug an almost extinct genus within our garden frontiers. It is not to be hoped that the birds will help us much in this direction. If the slugs had not already grown too nasty to eat, it is not likely that they would have given up the shells that belong to them as molluscs. At the very least, the slug is a *pis aller*, and there are at present plenty of better things. We offer the robin a mealworm. A few weeks ago, he would come almost to the hand for it. Now he comes less near, and takes it almost as a matter of courtesy, and on the way he picks up a casual grub, worth two mealworms, as if to show that our bounty is really not wanted. It is even wrong to speak of "the robin" this winter, for, contrary to all precedent, he permits his wife to sojourn in the same garden and even to share his mealworms. In a real winter the robin clears himself a domain, within which he allows no rival to come. And it is evidently politics rather than solar optimism that makes him delight us with his midwinter song. At present, when the starling and blackbird are singing rather foolishly, "Lo! the summer," the robin is almost silent. On the next frosty eve that comes, he will mount the laburnum and give us ringing music about the battles he is going to fight next day.

For, of course, a frosty eve will come. An equatorial eddy will certainly so turn as to give us wind from the north or from the east, and the little fall in the thermometer that makes the difference between growing weather and the blast of winter. The futile weeds will be cut down, the rose trees really put to sleep, the birds driven to their berries, and the slugs to their fastnesses. It will be all the better for us. Had these seeds of shepherd's-purse and shooting-cress and chick-weed slept and awakened in true spring, they would have been a nuisance and a trouble to us. Millions have sprouted or half-sprouted that we have not seen in tiny green leaf. The rain that woke them has rotted them, while more desirable germs slept in safety at the seedsmen's warehouse. The imprudent ones will show the wisdom of observing conventions—when the frost comes.

Letters from Abroad.

ADRIANOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If Adrianople would only fall we should have peace within a few days. Possibly it may have fallen when this reaches you. I believe that the Turkish leaders would be almost as well satisfied as those of the Balkan League to hear of its surrender. They do not forget that its historical associations are connected with their entry into Europe, and that it served them as a base from which to capture Constantinople and thus

become a European Power. But while making as stout a fight in diplomacy as its brave defenders are still making behind its fortified lines, they have made up their minds that its loss is inevitable. If so, the sooner it is a *fait accompli* the better. For various reasons they cannot and will not own up to such a conviction. First of all, there is the belief, generally accredited if not actually held sacred by Moslems, that territory which has once been Islamic must never be given back to the non-Moslem. The belief is so general that the custom has prevailed in Turkey of appointing a Christian as Minister of Foreign Affairs when a treaty surrendering territory has to be signed. Caratheodori, a Greek, was so named in 1878. Gabriel Effendi Noradounghian, an Armenian, now occupies the same post, no Christian having held the office in the interval. By laying the responsibility on a Christian, the Moslem Minister escapes contumely.

There are, however, secular reasons why the actual Turkish Ministers are unwilling to surrender Adrianople. They are the subjects of constant attacks by the extremists of the Committee of Union and Progress, who denounce them as traitors if they surrender any territory whatever to any of the Balkan Allies. They claim that they have strong support in the army, and that the troops now behind the lines of defence before Tchataldja will, in the event of the Ministers proving traitors by such act, turn round and march upon the capital to punish them. Kiamil's ministry in the midst of its troubles directly caused by the victories of the Allies has been considerably harassed by these extremists. Its conduct in regard to them reflects the pressure which has been brought to bear. Several of them fled to avoid arrest. Javid Bey, the ex-Minister of Finance, was last heard of in Marseilles; Hussein Jahid, the able editor of the suppressed "Tanin," was in Vienna a few days ago. Even Shevket Pasha, the ex-Minister of War, is a prisoner in his own house. A considerable number of others were arrested. But the Court Martial itself resented these wholesale arrests, and most of the suspects were in consequence released. That divided counsels still exist appears to be shown by the fact that while the Censor permits absurdly false statements to be published regarding imaginary defeats of the Allies, dissensions among them, and atrocities on a manifestly absurd scale, he forbids the manifestoes of the extremists to be reproduced.

These dissensions tie the hands of the Ministers and readily induce them to fall back on the policy of *laissez faire*. Their attitude is to wait and see what will turn up. For a time there seemed a number of possibilities which might favor them. The two principal were the dispute between Austria and Serbia, and the attitude of Roumania. The latter is even to-day a source of anxiety. The former presented great hopes. Every Turk knew that Austria could not favor the forward movement of the Serbs to Salonica. One of the few facts about which Turks as well as Europeans have been agreed for some years is that Austrian policy was directed towards acquiring that city. Austrian subjects here bought land in Macedonia in the certain hope that the province would very shortly be Austrian. The commissioner of Francis Joseph was reputed to be absolutely careless of the reforms in that country, the execution of which he and other commissioners were appointed to superintend. No one doubts that the results of the war have been an unpleasant surprise to the Ballplatz. Hence the discord between it and Serbia of three or four weeks ago was, from the Turkish point of view, full of hope. Apparently, however, the statesmanship of Vienna has been able to recognise facts, and that hope has failed. Nor has anything definitely hopeful to the Turks come from Roumania. Still, there is always the possibility of some new phase of the Eastern question turning up, and many Turks naturally hope for it and build on it, if only time can be gained.

We are all anxiously waiting to see whether Adrianople will fall or not. On October 18th all its civil population who could not lay in provisions for two months were ordered to leave it. That expired, of course, on December 18th. A month ago many foreign

papers announced that it would not hold out more than a fortnight. An escaped fugitive stated on December 6th that the population was starving, that its supplies had had to be shared with many fugitives, and that half the city had been burnt. But the Turkish soldier never fights better than behind fortifications, and though it is certain that the distress there must now be terrible, there is so far no sign of surrender. The fact that Nazim, the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, only consented after much discussion to the condition in the armistice by which no supplies should be permitted to enter the beleaguered city suggests that he too regarded the chance of its holding out as almost hopeless.

Meantime, we in Constantinople are anxiously awaiting a settlement. No fault can justly be found with the local authorities, who are maintaining order well; and, with the aid of large foreign detachments of the Red Crescent and Red Cross, are dealing satisfactorily with the crowd of refugees, deserters, and wounded men who have flocked into the city and neighborhood. Almost every foreigner, male and female, is doing some kind of relief work. It is a terrible lesson in the evils of war, to see hundreds of wounded and sick men, looking ghastly and broken down, and to remember that these were the men whom we saw two months ago marching through our streets full of lusty life. For them and their families in Asia Minor, and for all the country, natives and foreigners, the news of peace will indeed be tidings of great joy.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

January 2nd, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALISM AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry to see that Mr. Hemmerde is becoming angry and abusive.

The obscure sentence in his first letter, quoted by Mr. Hemmerde, may have enshrined in it the admission that the landowner, in fact, bears the burden of the rates and taxes, but I venture to think this would not be the meaning conveyed to most of your readers. If this was what was intended, it seems somewhat difficult to understand why, when I was contending for this view, Mr. Hemmerde appealed to Adam Smith and Mill, apparently for support of the contrary sense. However, I am quite willing to accept Mr. Hemmerde's assurance that he has held that view throughout, and am glad to find that on one point, at any rate, we are agreed.

It is Mr. Hemmerde, not I, who makes absurd mistakes about his Hanley illustration. When I pointed out the error he made with reference to the effect on the landowner of reducing the rates, he tried to ride off on some foolish suggestion of my giving him £500, and his being compelled to give a fifth to the State. Mr. Hemmerde knows, of course, that I was not dealing with a question of amount, but of his erroneous application of the principle, for I have stated in almost every letter I have written that, the right of the State to unearned increment having been established in the Budget, if the *quantum* is not sufficient it is easy to take more.

Mr. Hemmerde, referring to my illustration of the land-owning farmer, says that the new tax, which I pointed out would equal a rate of 3s. in the £, is not to be cumulative, but is to be substitutive. I cannot suppose that Mr. Hemmerde is ignorant of the fact that over very large portions of the country the existing rates on agricultural land are much less than 3s. in the £.

Assuming, therefore, that all the existing rates are taken off, which it is impossible to do with the new tax of one penny in the pound on capital value, and that the new tax is levied on unimproved value only, the substituted tax would still amount to more than the entire sum now paid in the case of much agricultural land.

As I propose, in this letter, to take leave of Mr.

Hemmerde, and, notwithstanding my efforts to keep the salient points of the controversy in view, there has been introduced much extraneous matter, may I be allowed to summarise the objections to the new land tax proposals, which remain unshaken?

As the landlord at present bears all rates and taxes, to impose a further tax on the capital value of his land is to levy a double tax.

To remove the rates from the occupier (who does not ask for the change) to the landowner, will in the end be no relief to the occupier, as the amount will be reimposed as rent.

Unless a larger aggregate amount of rates and taxes than is at present paid by the occupier is levied on the land, neither the State nor the local authority will be any better off.

The imposition of the Increment Value Duty has, in principle, assured to the State the unearned increment, and so removed the distinguishing feature, as an investment, between land and other securities. This being so, it is not just to treat land differently from other securities for the purpose of taxation; it being always understood that if the present proportion of the unearned increment is deemed insufficient, a larger share may be taken.

In conclusion, Mr. Hemmerde may be interested to know that it did not take me a fortnight to reply to his letter of December 3rd, and that it was not my fault my letter did not appear earlier.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT STYRING.

Brinkcliffe Tower, Sheffield.

January 8th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am sure all must appreciate the fair and temperate manner in which Mr. Hemmerde has placed this matter before your readers; but there is one essential fact which is exercising the minds of many, i.e., assuming the new system be adopted, from whence is the revenue to come?

Mr. Hemmerde in his last letter deals with the case of an owner and cultivator of a farm, and says that if the proposed tax be 3d. (it has already risen from 1d.) on the capital value, the owner will be no worse off than at present. In effect, he contends that the same amount of money will be raised by the tax as is raised to-day by rates; but this will not suffice, for, according to Mr. Hemmerde's own showing, we have to find a great deal of money somewhere.

He deals with the case of a man who pays £5,000 for the site of his business premises, and says: "Upon £5,000 a tax of 3d. in the £ comes to £62 10s." Mr. Hemmerde rightly asserts that the shopkeeper would be better off. Of course he would, for he would save about £40 a year. As under the scheme all shops, houses, warehouses, cottages, and, indeed, all buildings are to be relieved in more or less like manner, and agricultural land is to carry no additional burden, from whence is the money to come?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR ARONSON.

The Mill House, Chipperfield, King's Langley.

January 8th, 1913.

THE LATE MR. PALMER NEWBOULD.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your readers will be glad to learn that a service to the memory of Mr. T. P. Newbould, who was killed while fighting in the ranks of the Greek Army on January 1st, is to be held. The date is Wednesday, the 15th, at Bow Church, Cheapside, at 2.30. Canon Masterman will deliver a short address.

The special interest of Mr. Newbould's sacrifice of his life lies in his character as a man, not only enthusiastic, but of the order-loving type, and immersed in prosaic business. Even in proposals of the most quixotic kind in a recent letter to me, he devotes several pages to details of organisation which the Byronic temperament would resent. This makes his action all the more noteworthy. It is not often that a man of any kind gives life itself for an altruistic end. It is still rarer for a man of a temperament specially sane. The act implies no doubt a great emotional instinct for dedication, but in a man of this type a great

deal more. He does not risk the cessation of everything visible and sensuous without balancing the pros and cons. He decides quite deliberately that the advantage of proving his belief in something greater than the visible outweighs all that can be said for a long-continued life of minor services. We all think a good end worth a certain amount of trouble, if that trouble is not too painful. Newbould held the benefit of liberation from tyranny to be so high, and the belief in the unseen and the moral to be so great, that he judged it worth while to abandon altogether the sensuous life.

Just before a meeting of the Balkan Committee in the House of Commons, at the outbreak of war, some of us begged him at least to delay his departure. He consented to reflect, but during the meeting of the Committee he whispered that delay might mean the intervention (or the unwelcome applause) of his friends, and he left at once for the front. He wished to impart his message to the world, and he has succeeded.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

House of Commons, January 8th, 1913.

THE CASE OF DRIVER KNOX.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Doubtless many of your readers will cordially agree with the letter of Mr. E. Goode Davies on this subject, appearing in your issue of last week, for he voices the opinion of many Tynesiders on the recent strike.

Whatever may have been the view of the verdict arrived at by the Commissioner appointed to inquire into the case, there appears to be little doubt that the North Eastern Railway Company were entitled, on the decision of the Magistrates, to dismiss Driver Knox. If employers are to be denied the right to decide what workmen they are to retain in their employ, all discipline is at an end, for they are surely justified in exercising the same liberty of action as any employee who for reasons of his own resigns his position. When, as in the present case, the safety of the public is dependent upon the drivers who are employed by the railway company, their liberty of action in a matter of this kind is still more important. No good object can be served in arguing that the strike could be justified because a railway company exercises a power which most reasonable men would admit they were entitled to.

There can be little doubt, however, that the dismissal of Driver Knox was only an excuse for a quarrel, and not the cause of it, and that, in their strike, the men were displaying a feeling of discontent and restlessness that existed long before the "Knox" incident arose. Employers of labor will be wise in recognising that there is only one real remedy for the "strike fever," which is threatening to break out again in various industries, and that remedy is an all-round advance in wages. Arbitration Committees, Conciliation Boards, and other temporary expedients of this kind will do little to remove discontent that is almost universally caused by underpayment. It is a matter of common knowledge that while the cost of living has steadily advanced with the increasing prosperity of the trade of the country, wages have not advanced proportionately, and that in many trades the men are worse off than they were ten years ago. It cannot be wondered at that, when all around there is a lavish display of wealth, such as has never hitherto been known, the workman should be dissatisfied to see his own family worse off than they ever have been. Speaking recently with a N.E.R. platelayer, who was loyal to the company in their last two strikes, he told me his present wages were 18s. 10d. a week, out of which sum he had to keep a wife and four children, and pay 7s. a week for rent. He explained that his little income was eked out by taking a lodger into his home; but at the death of one of his children, six months before, he had had to arrange to pay his 50s. funeral expenses in weekly instalments, as it was quite impossible to make any saving out of this very small wage. It cannot be wondered at that under conditions like these, which are all too common, men are restless and dissatisfied.

Another common cause of discontent is the appointment of the sons of directors or shareholders in the various companies to positions of management. These men are

quite untrained in railway work; they are frequently unable to understand the view point of the workmen who are employed under them, and in many cases they are permanently less efficient than juniors who consider themselves entitled to a long-deferred promotion. Speaking to an old railway foreman recently, he told me of a young official who had been sent down from York to learn the work of the various officials at another station. "We have been teaching him for the last three months," said my informant, "and now we are wondering which of us will have to go to make room for him." Loyalty under these conditions would be a somewhat surprising virtue.

My own experience of the working-man is that, reasonably handled, he is willing, tractable, and obedient, but when he reads in the daily press of trade booms and unparalleled prosperity, and then goes home to a sparsely furnished dinner table, the white pinched faces of his little children, and the anxious and careworn look of the brave little wife, who is vainly trying to make 18s. do the work of a sovereign, it is not to be wondered at if his feeling of resentment is fanned into a white heat by issues that the outsider considers quite unimportant.

Most of our Liberal legislation of the last seven years has been of the "sticking-plaster" character, which has an unpleasant odor of charity clinging to it. Beneficent as the Insurance Act undoubtedly is, the British workman is quite willing to pay for his own doctor, and to provide for his own periods of sickness, or the birth of his own children, if he is given adequate wages with which to do this; and he would infinitely prefer to have an income which will enable him and his family to be decently housed, clad, and fed, to a post-dated old-age pension, which in many cases he will never live to secure. The very rich few, who are unhappily employing themselves with the futile effort to get rid of money which they have not earned and do not understand how to spend, will have to be content to take less as their share of the world's wealth. The great army of workers who are being underpaid and overworked will have to receive a larger portion as their share. There is quite enough money to go round, and because the workman with his wider education is beginning to discover this, he has resolved that, come what may, more of it has got to come round his way. The sooner our great employers agree with him on this point, the better will it be for the future peace and prosperity of our trade as a whole.—Yours, &c.,

ANGUS WATSON.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, January 6th, 1913.

NATIONAL DEFENCE AND THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The question of national defence, to which "E. M." refers in his letter of December 28th, is one which we think cannot be delegated to any section of the community. It concerns the nation as a whole, and to argue that because a man is poorer or less fortunate than his neighbors, he should not concern himself about the national safety, is to play pitch and toss with patriotic sentiment. Where is the line to be drawn? How rich or how poor must a man be to warrant him in choosing this or that side of the line? Would "E. M." propose that as a man succeeds or fails in his work or business, he, chameleon-like, should adapt himself, and become patriotic or unpatriotic, according to circumstances?

"E. M." says in effect: If a larger defensive force is required, let the wealthy classes pay for it. He asks, "what sort of interest the vast majority of Englishmen have in their native land? When an Englishman's home was a bit of land with a cottage, where his father had lived and died before him, there was something worth defending." "The sentiment," says "E. M."—meaning, I presume, the patriotic sentiment—"has just petered out." One wonders from what source "E. M." has received his information. As a Liberal and Nonconformist who has been brought up among the working classes, has been one of them, and is still privileged to participate in their joys and sorrows, I fail to understand your correspondent, and conclude that either he is but loosely acquainted with the working-man, or is under some strange misapprehension

with regard to his attitude on this question. I venture to suggest that a very large majority of the working-men of England, though they are not property-owners, are proud of their homes (which, by the way, are a great improvement on those of fifty years ago) and would fight in defence of home and fatherland to-morrow if need be. We agree with the Rev. F. B. Meyer who, writing in the "Strand Magazine" for October, says: "I am firmly convinced that a moral or physical call to arms would be responded to as wholeheartedly to-day as ever before in the history of our country." What we do deplore is the tendency of the average Englishman to place too much reliance on the patriotic sentiment, and to imagine that with practically no training and equipment he would be qualified to give a good account of himself in the hour of peril.—Yours, &c.,

G. DALE.

January 6th, 1913.

"THE CHAPTER AND THE CREED."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A Plain Man" rests the obligation to recite the Athanasian Creed on the rubric. His argument appears plausible; but, to be convincing, it must be consistently applied. There are many rubrics. To take only those in the Communion Service: they enjoin that "so many as intend to be partakers of the Holy Communion shall signify their names to the Curate, at least some time the day before"; that "a sermon, or one of the homilies, shall follow" the Creed; that the alms shall be collected, not in a closed bag, but "in a decent bason"; that the first of the three Exhortations shall be read "on the Sunday, or some Holy-day, immediately preceding the celebration of the Holy Communion," and the third "at the time of the celebration of the Communion"; that "where there be not above twenty persons of discretion to receive the Communion, yet shall there be no Communion, except four (or three at the least) communicate with the Priest"; that what may remain of the consecrated elements shall not be consumed by the celebrant alone, but that "the Priest and such other of the communicants as he shall then call unto him shall, immediately after the Blessing, reverently eat and drink the same." Here are seven clear and plain rubrics. But it would be difficult, or impossible, to find a church in which they are observed.

I do not complain of their non-observance. Some may seem trivial—though your correspondent's argument excludes distinctions; some, once called for, are unsuited to the circumstances of our time. My contention is that the rubrics are to be observed reasonably, not mechanically; and that the use of the Athanasian Creed, if it is to be justified, must be justified on rational rather than merely rubrical grounds.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FAWKES.

Ashby St. Ledgers, January 4th, 1913.

"CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is with much interest that I have read the article in this week's issue of THE NATION, headed "Can we still be Christians?" both for what it contains, and still more for what it does not contain. The conception of Christianity there referred to fails, it seems to me, to recognise that Christianity primarily stands for a psychology rather than a metaphysic, and that the real business of the Church is to order human society, rather than to build up a system of theological dogma.

The answer to the question, "Can we still be Christians?" must surely depend primarily on whether we can still respond to the Christian ideal, and accept the Christian account of what constitutes a moralised personality and what is its method of development. If the answer be in the affirmative, we are Christians, but not, so far, necessarily Churchmen. The next question that arises is: How is this Christian spirit to be expressed in the world and control it? If we believe that it is to be done merely by the individual influence of Christians individually converted, we reject the idea of a Divine Society which is to unite all resources in the endeavor for the uplifting

of mankind, the Kingdom of God, in New Testament phrase, the "spiritual power" of Comte. If, however, we accept this conception, we realise that the great disaster of modern Europe has been the break-up of this spiritual power, not merely into warring religious sects, but into the camps of secular science and religious orthodoxy. The spiritual power ought, as it once did, in, say, the thirteenth century, to represent and contain all the available knowledge of man about himself and the universe, synthesised for the direction of human society. Because it attempted to dogmatise beyond these limits, instead of leaving such curious inquiries to be matters of pious opinion, and, where possible, of diligent inquiry, that power fell and left men to suffer under the government of States uninspired by any such direction. The question of questions now is: If we accept the Christian psychology, can we build up again such a spiritual power as will give us an applied sociology? Not the revival of metaphysics, but the turning of the main interest from a barren metaphysic to a fruitful sociology, should surely be the aim of Christians to-day. The promise to such a divine society was that it should be led into all wisdom. Not merely the good will, but the inspired vision of the needs of humanity and how to deal with them, is what we need so sorely. Nothing less than a combination of all the best resources of humanity, organised on the personal basis of a Christian psychology, and looking to the realisation of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, can give us what we need.

Such are surely the real problems of Christianity in this year of grace.—Yours, &c.,

SOCIUS.

January 4th, 1913.

THE WELSH CHURCH BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You truly note in a recent issue of *THE NATION* that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill has had rather a troubled week in Committee, but when you say that the Government had all along decided to make some concessions on the question of Disendowment, it comes as a piece of news to the bulk of the people of Wales, and, consequently, the events of that week produced quite a consternation among the rank and file.

With your permission, I should like to reproduce a passage or two from my letter in your issue of May 25th, commenting upon a leader of the previous week:—

"After all, are we going to witness that vacillating policy of 1906 over Education, and a similar policy in 1908, when the Prime Minister extended the fourteen years' time limit to twenty-one years in the Licensing Bill? Let us have no repetition of that experience in 1912, now that the Lords' veto is a thing of the past; why attempt to conciliate the irreconcilables? . . . What are the Welsh members who are either in the Cabinet or in the Government going to do in the present momentous juncture? . . . Are they quietly to acquiesce in the suggested amended terms to the Establishment?"

Mr. Lloyd George, on the following Tuesday (May 28th), at the great demonstration in Swansea, when it was computed that there were 100,000 or 120,000 people present (although the Bishop of St. David's—a statistical authority—alleged there were only about 16,000), commenced his speech with saying—

"that he felt there was a ring of determination and resolution in that meeting which told him that they meant business. He had come there, with his colleagues from the Government, to say that they also meant business. They were all there to demand the right to manage their own spiritual affairs in their native land, without interference from either Canterbury or Westminster. . . . Not merely Conservatives, but even some Liberals said 'you must be generous.' Generosity had nothing to do with it. There was no such commandment as 'Thou shalt steal, provided thou art generous to the owner.' They could not give away the prosperity of a nation in order to earn credit for generosity."

These utterances, together with the letter read from Mr. McKenna at the same meeting, made those present, as well as the majority of the Welsh people, hopeful, confident, and assured. "We are all right now with the Bill as it stands, since we have Lloyd George and McKenna in the Cabinet and Ellis Griffith as Under-Secretary at the Home Office," they said.

How the scene has changed! Mr. Lloyd George, in the debate in the House of Commons on Friday, December 13th, on the France-Gladstone amendment, was ready and willing to go down to his constituents and to recommend to them (and Wales) a settlement which might, on the face of it, appear to be unjust, even from our point of view, &c. The Opposition would have none of it, and the Bishop of St. David's has declared: "*The concessions will make no difference to our position. We shall fight on still.*" Our opponents know what they want, and are resolute. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna should explain their altered position in respect to the Disendowment provisions of the Bill.

The subject is primarily and peculiarly a Welsh question, and it is difficult for the average English mind to grasp its true inwardness. It looks very much as if the Bill before Parliament is to develop into a merely Welsh Church Bill. It cannot be expected that it will satisfy the Welsh Free Churchmen and the majority of the people of Wales and Monmouth.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool.

"KILLING FOR MEAT."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I read with much interest the article on "Killing for Meat" in your issue of December 28th, and also the letter which appeared on the same subject in this week's issue. I confess that I am one of those who are unwilling "to face an abhorrent subject" unavoidably, and it is probably little enough that I can do to bring about the "practical reforms" by which you say "the brutality and the torture" can be put an end to; but I feel that it would be helpful to many in like case with myself if you would point out in your columns the direction in which public support can most usefully be given.

It has occurred to me as possible that lists might be made by the S.P.C.A. or other societies, of butchers in the various localities who slaughter under the most humane conditions, thus enabling residents to give practical support to those who are least brutal in their methods. I should like to point out, however, that much more depends on the skill of the operator than on the precise nature of the instrument. The Jew never stuns, but I believe that anyone who knows the facts will support me when I say that owing to the greater skill necessitated by the strictness of the Jewish law in relation to the killing for meat, there is in actual practice much less cruelty in the Jewish than in the theoretically more humane Christian methods.—Yours, &c.,

P. BRANDON-JONES.

Yewbank, Mill Hill, N.W.

January 5th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In a recent issue you published an interesting article on cruel slaughtering, but no remedy was suggested. Several years ago I went through the slaughter houses in Chicago, and saw there what appeared to be an absolutely painless method of slaughter. The cattle were driven into pens, on the floors of which some fodder had been put. Above the pens were some planks, along which a man walked with a heavy iron spud with a steel blade. With this he severed the spinal cord of each animal, and, in a moment, death followed without any struggle whatever or a sound of pain.

There can never be any excuse for wilful or thoughtless cruelty to animals, but in a slaughter-house less excuse than anywhere else, because slaughter is a necessary part of the daily business, and if cruelty exists there it is practised upon many thousands of animals, and degrades everyone who takes part in it.—Yours, &c.,

F. V.

January 6th, 1913.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am surprised to see from a copy of *THE NATION* which has reached me here, that Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has revived the outrageous theory invented by Mr.

Cummings Walters, that Helena Landless is the "Datchery" of "Edwin Drood." Still more surprising is the fact that he seems to have made a convert of your reviewer. I know that some ingenious arguments may be advanced in favor of this theory, but they are not nearly so ingenious as the reasoning by which it has been proved that Napoleon never existed—reasoning which, nevertheless, leaves us unconvinced. I have no patience with the Helen-ists (if I may so call them) because they seem to me disloyal to the memory of Charles Dickens. It would take ten times stronger arguments than any they can produce to convince me that Dickens could be guilty of such an imbecility; and if, by miracle, I were convinced, I should consider myself bound in honor and in gratitude to hush the matter up. Why should anyone want to prove that Charles Dickens "expired a driveller and a show"?

He certainly did not. Some parts of "Edwin Drood" rank among his best work. For instance, Mrs. Billickin, who must have been drawn within the last days of his life, is perhaps the most delightful London landlady he ever created. If there was any failure in his powers, it certainly did not affect his sense of humor; and it is flatly incredible that anyone with a healthy sense of humor could dream of making Datchery out of Helena Landless.

The question is not whether it is conceivable in the abstract that a woman can deceptively masquerade as a man. We all know that it has occasionally been done, both in real life and on the stage. The question is whether the particular character introduced to us as Helena Landless could conceivably transmogrify herself into the particular character presented to us as Datchery. I look forward to reading Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's book, for it is always possible that, in following up a wrong clue, one may stumble on the right clue; but nothing short of a direct communication from the spirit of Charles Dickens will ever make me a Helen-ist.—Yours, &c., W. A.

Hyderabad, Deccan, December 18th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In answer to the letter of a "Student of Dickens," we refer him, concerning his first point, to the letter of your correspondent, Mr. P. C. Marr, on November 30th. We may add that most of the external testimony was handed down verbally. The letter of Sir Luke Fildes to the "Times," for instance, was written thirty-five years after the "instructions personally given" to him by Dickens—surely a very long time for anyone to remember spoken words accurately.

(2) Dickens often made memoranda of ideas he rejected later. By the way, what does "Remember there is a child" mean in the notes for Chapter X.?

(3) We do not ignore, but, on the contrary, hold very strong views concerning the ring. We think its loss was advertised by Grewgious (see illustrated wrapper) when he realised its importance as a means of trapping Jasper; that this advertisement was the first knowledge Jasper had of its existence; that he went in the dead of night to the tomb, with a lantern, to find it, and was there confronted by Edwin—Datchery, without his wig (see illustrated wrapper); that, in his horror, he rushed away up the cathedral stairs, followed by Neville, Crisparkle, Tartar, and possibly others; that Neville grappled with him, and they both fell off the cathedral roof before the others could reach them. N.B.—Neville is as plainly marked for death, to students of Dickens, as Edwin is obviously meant to live.

(4) Edwin, being attacked from behind in the dark, could not be certain of the identity of his assailant. He was probably convinced it was Jasper, but he had no proof. Neither had Mr. Grewgious, though after his interview with Rosa, he could have had little doubt in his own mind. It would not have helped Neville to accuse Jasper till they had some stronger evidence against him.

We arrive at precisely the opposite conclusion to your correspondent concerning Durdles. We should say he was a nocturnal wanderer by choice and habit, but wished to have some check on himself. We cannot suppose he arranged to be stoned home at night from the purely unselfish desire to give Deputy an object in life, or even to start a scheme of national education. And the crime must have been committed soon after a quarter-past twelve, unless we are to believe that Jasper waited till Edwin had gone to bed.

(a) We think your correspondent forgets that Grewgious told Rosa he would come to her at Christmas if she sent for him, his only engagement being to partake of "boiled turkey and celery" with Bazzard. She *did* send for him, after her interview with Edwin on the 23rd; and, with the railway facilities as described, he would probably travel down on Christmas Eve. Further, Edwin, "as he only waits now for Mr. Grewgious, and will depart immediately after seeing him, takes a sauntering leave of the ancient city." Dickens would hardly call it a *sauntering* leave if it was to last from the 24th till the 27th. It is true that Grewgious did not have his interview with Jasper till the evening of the 27th; but he must have been in Cloisterham for several days.

There are many other points which we do not "ignore"; it is only consideration for your valuable space that prevents us mentioning them. "Our flow of words is great, sir; and no doubt is considered worth the money"; but you may not "ask to be favored with any more" on this subject.—Yours, &c., H. C. TAIT.

M. F. B. CULLEN.

10, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead.

P.S.—"A Student of Dickens" should glance at "Watched by the Dead" again, page 131, *et seq.* He will find that Proctor deals very thoroughly with the question of the ring.

[We cannot find room for any further letters on this topic.—ED., NATION.]

EUPEPTIC TOM BROADBENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When Mr. Bernard Shaw put to his audience at Kingsway those questions which have caused so much remark, did he speak all his mind? Is there not, still unuttered, one which would account for a good part of his irritation at the ugly faces pulled by his audience when they laugh? It might run: "Do you know, Broadbent, how fatuous you appear, guffawing at your own portrait, and complacently unaware that it is your portrait?" The extreme of thickheadedness might excuse some humorous tearing of hair in a prophet who still loves whom he castigates. But that, too, is "only Shaw's Irish fun. He is such a funny man!"—Yours, &c., H. M. SWANWICK.

Kew, January 6th, 1913.

Poetry.

FOR 1913.

HE that will not, as he may,
Take the chances day by day
Fortune sendeth, good or ill,
Or great or trifling, at her will:

He that saith not to his soul,
These shall help me to my goal;
Be they foul or be they fair,
I will use them as a stair
Upward to the end I see:

He that curseth Fate's decree,
Or, as an unresisting straw,
Drifts any way life's eddies draw:

For him the Sun shines vainly bright,
And vain for him's the purple Night,
And vain dear Springtime's bursting song,
Or pensive Autumn's lingering throng,
Vain Summer's glow and Winter's snow,
Vain all the changing World!

And so

Hic jacet, when Death's stroke hath smitten,
A Fool!

God grant not thus be written
The simple line that tells, where lie
At last my tired bones and I!

SELWYN IMAGE.

Reviews.

FIFTY YEARS OF LITERATURE.

"A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830." By OLIVER ELTON. (Arnold. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

PROFESSOR ELTON's high reputation as a student and critic of literature will be enhanced by these volumes, which prove that he can handle with strength and sureness large masses of matter. The task which he essays is no light one. Within the period of his survey is gathered an astonishing group of great writers, from Blake and Burns to Scott and Wordsworth, from Burke and Godwin to Landor and De Quincey. To get so large a flock, and one so extravagant and erring, into the professorial penfold before night, is a large achievement; but by the time the folding star shines, all are safe, and the shepherd in chapter the last can rest and speculate on the approaching morrow of 1830-1880.

There seems to be a tendency in criticism of the present moment to revert in some measure from merely biographical and historical interpretation to that study of literary phenomena which we may call judicial. In Professor Grierson's admirable edition of the poems of Donne—the latest pride of the Clarendon Press—the editor is not content, with Mr. Courthope, to explain from the historical or scientific point of view the origins of Donne's conceits and metaphysical wit. "The question for literature," he says, "is not whence they came, but how he used them. . . . What is to-day the value and interest of this wit which has arrested the attention of so many generations?" In like manner, Dr. Elton does not think it enough to trace the origin and progress of the Romantic movement, and to discourse concerning the race, the *milieu*, and the moment. He describes his book, in which biography and history become subordinate, as really a review, a direct criticism of whatever spoke to him with a living voice in the literature of fifty years: "it is a series of judgments upon works of art. I do not know what literature is unless it is an art." Our last word, he says, on each literary production must be an answer to the questions, "Is it well done? Does it last? What is it to me?" And upon his title-page he inscribes as a motto the words of Hazlitt—"I have endeavored to feel what is good, and to give a reason for the faith that was in me, when necessary, and when in my power."

Of course, even in describing a piece of literature, and in trying to explain how it came to be what it is, a personal judgment is involved, for it can be described only as the student of literature has known and felt its power. A catalogue of its contents is no true description. There are no scientific scales in which to weigh its virtue; the mind of the critic is the only possible scales. And very often, to attain what Matthew Arnold called "the real estimate" of a book or an author, the historical estimate is essential. The ideas, for example, involved in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" can be appreciated aright only when they are subsumed under the total doctrine of the revolutionary period as set forth by his philosophic master, William Godwin. And what is characteristic of Shelley's individual genius can be perceived only when we can distinguish in his work that which is peculiar to the man, and that which is common to the period. But such commonplaces as these are well known to Professor Elton. He takes advantage of both biography and history when it seems desirable, while yet he leans towards judicial criticism, and is highly qualified, both by his ability and his learning, for giving a reason for the faith that is in him.

The survey, which Professor Elton will not call a history, starts from Crabbe and Cowper. It is obvious that an absolute beginning can be found nowhere; the stream has been flowing from the hills at whatever point we invade or light upon the bank. The critic endeavors to show that 1780 is a real date in our literature. One could wish, if only for the sake of getting his criticism on the work of two earlier decades, that he had made 1760 his starting-point. But he finds only "a false dawn of romance" in the years which gave the world Ossian, the "Percy Reliques," the "Song to David," the poems of Chatterton, the collected verse of Gray, the "Castle of Otranto," and the "Sentimental Journey." Perhaps the sun had not risen; but is

the auroral fan of light spreading above the hills a false dawn? Or is a child who babbles and toddles and stumbles a false father of the coming man? And perhaps if Professor Elton had named 1832, the year of the Reform Bill, as his closing year, he would have found, if not "a real date," a happier date of convenience, for in 1832, Scott and Crabbe, Bentham and Mackintosh, died in our country, and in Germany Goethe. It was an hour of sunset in literature, and of dawn—even if for a time apparently a false dawn—in politics.

In these volumes the writer is not a critical free-lance, who has a momentary point of view to take, and a few admirable things to express, and then moves lightly away. Duty must be done to his subject, well-known things must be recited, and familiar judgments, if they are true, must needs be pronounced. What is remarkable is that, on ground so often traversed, the critic still finds something new to say, and that, by virtue of fine enjoyment and keen brain-work, he can quicken and rejoice the reader. Even where he is not in complete sympathy with his theme, as happens when he writes of Jane Austen, he can compel us to some tactics of defence which may counter his sword-play. Jane Austen, he knows, is on her own ground invulnerable; but he feels cribbed and confined by her limitations. "She abides," he cannot help admitting, but "we do not quite like her, and we quit her—perhaps run away from her—not without relief." Is there not something infinite in perfection within a limit? And after the oceanic splashings of such a leviathan as Blake of the "Prophetic Books," do we not run back to the small country hall, the rectory, and the parish with a sense of deliverance from shadows and huge cloudy symbols into the temperate freedom of sanity and sunlight? Jane Austen!—"I thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, professors, and surveyors"—or does it run a little otherwise?—"has succeeded."

On Blake, though he does not profess to expound all the huge cloudy symbols of a vast philosophy, Professor Elton is admirable. He sees that while Blake's writings and designs are full of vision, it is often—as Mr. Arthur Symonds puts it—"vision not fully mastered even as vision." Yet when all Blake's confusions and his disorganised execution are set aside, "there still remains his perfect presentations of love and beauty. This is why he is a great man, and why we return to him." Crabbe is a whole hemisphere remote from his contemporary Blake, but of Crabbe the critic has a word as illuminating: "His power of working out the slow fatal mutations of character approves him by far the greatest novelist of the positive order between Sterne and Scott." Of Godwin: "There is a peculiar reflection of flame, without the heat, in all Godwin's stories." Of Scott: "He found out his genius for lyric, which is much greater than his genius for either lay or ballad; he became the greatest of our lyric poets between Blake or Burns and Shelley." The "hampered magnificence" of Landor's "Gebir" is a phrase that searches out a real fault in the poem; "the manner is too great for the theme." Wordsworth's eyes, wrote Matthew Arnold, "avert their ken from half of human fate." Rather, comments Professor Elton, "he watches that half through a glass as though from a kind of observatory." Byron's Eastern tales "leave little durable impression on the mind, except a general one of disquiet, and power, and splendid turbulence, like that of a charging horseman." The "gradual inversion and approximation of the two elements in Byron"—his irony and his poetry—is "the great event in his history as a poet." In "Alastor," the poet is "one of the first of the radiated Shelleys, half dream and half substance, who keep appearing till the last." Keats "was not a poet who rested in sensations, but one whose sensations were so rich that he was awhile embarrassed in thinking and working upon them. This process of clearance and self-discovery is the clue to the history of Keats's spirit." These may serve as specimens or splinters of the spar that gleams on Dr. Elton's pages.

And so we must forgive the critic if he tells us that Blake's five hundred and odd drawings to Young's "Night Thoughts" were published in 1797, or transfers Professor

William Knight's edition of Wordsworth to Joseph Knight, the former editor of "Notes and Queries," or even if he writes of Coleridge's "Mariner" that "he," and not the wedding-guest, "is held and must listen." The only impeccable writers, said Hazlitt, are those who never wrote.

E. DOWDEN.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

"The Putumayo." By W. E. HARDENBURG. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Dawn in Darkest Africa." By JOHN H. HARRIS. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE greatest disaster that ever afflicted the human race has been the contact of Europeans with the natives of the Tropics. In the long record of mankind's misery and pain nothing else can for a moment compare with the cruelty, lust, and brutal greed by which that contact has everywhere been accompanied. Some generous-minded people have doubted whether man's noble qualities could ever have been evolved from apes and similar animals. If they knew anything of the conquest of native races by white men, of the slave-trade's history, or of the present condition of "niggers" and "Indians" under the control of Christian communities, they would rather doubt whether the breed of apes could ever have evolved anything so fiendish as European mankind has proved itself to be. Read the well-authenticated records of slavery, go travelling in the Amazons or Central Africa, and you will feel that the creation of man was a mistake, or that evolution had better have stopped short at the uncertain creature lately discovered in a Sussex marsh.

The Putumayo abominations are well known. We do not suppose them worse than countless abominations practised upon "natives" and slaves during the last four centuries. But they are the most recent. They were happening only two or three years ago. But for the courage of the author of the book before us, they would be happening still, and respectable English gentlemen, in some cases connected with the "smartest" society, would still be drawing their incomes from the anguish of tortured, ravished, and murdered men and women, while they thanked their stars their profits ran so high. It may be said they acted in ignorance, and were no worse than other investors, equally careless about the origin of their dividends. That is possibly true. But however well acquainted one may be with human cruelty, we may still believe that Mr. Hardenburg's report is a document unsurpassed for horror even in Slave-Coast or Congo history; and however ignorant of the truth some members of the Peruvian Amazon Company may have been, we know that others attempted to throw every discredit upon the report, and to burke it into silence.

Fortunately, they failed. They failed owing to the courage of "Truth," and the persistency of the Anti-Slavery Society. They were compelled to send out a commission, and at the same time the Foreign Office took the wise decision of sending out Mr. Consul Casement (now Sir Roger Casement). The substance of his report was known to a small circle nearly two years ago. It was published in full last July. Seldom has an official document created greater horror and indignation. It was more than a confirmation of Mr. Hardenburg's worst charges—more than a justification of "Truth" and the Anti-Slavery Society. The British Company has been swept away. As is well known, a Parliamentary Commission is now sitting to inquire into the conduct of the Board. Peru has issued a warrant against Arana, the scoundrelly founder of the Company. There is no chance of his being arrested, but it is some satisfaction that Argentina has refused refuge to Armando Normand, perhaps on the whole the most fiendish of the Company's agents.

The substance of the present volume is, therefore, generally familiar, but, though it is now five years since the author and his colleague, Mr. Perkins, first revealed the truth, we congratulate the publisher on issuing the original evidence at last; also on including the main part of Sir Roger Casement's report, and on securing so good

an authority as Mr. Reginald Enock to edit the whole. During the great "Rubber boom" of two or three years ago, it is said that about £150,000,000 was invested. We wonder how many of the investors cared in the least by what means the rubber was produced! Probably not one per thousand. Yet part of it, at all events, was produced in the following way; we quote only a few sentences from an abstract given by a Peruvian paper, published at Iquitos, the chief rubber port on the Upper Amazon. Speaking of the Company's agents, it says:—

"They force the Indians of the Putumayo to work day and night at the extraction of rubber, without the slightest remuneration. . . . They rob them of their crops, their women, and their children to satisfy the voracity, lasciviousness, and avarice of themselves and their employers. . . . they flog them inhumanly, until their bones are visible; they give them no medical treatment, but let them die, eaten up by maggots, or to serve as food for their dogs; they castrate them, cut off their ears, fingers, arms, legs; they torture them by fire, water, and by tying them up, crucified head downwards. . . . They cut them to pieces with machetes; they grasp children by the feet and dash their heads against walls and trees, until their brains fly out; they have the old people killed when they can work no longer; and, finally, to amuse themselves, practise shooting, or to celebrate the *edebado de gloria* (Easter Saturday) they discharge their weapons at men, women, and children, or, in preference to this, they soak them in kerosene, and set fire to them, to enjoy their desperate agony."

Even then the worst is not told, but this is the "White Man's Burden," and this is how it is taken up. In such forms the native races first become acquainted with the blessings of European civilisation, and the gospel of Christianity. We do not know that this Company's agents were worse than others. There seems no limit to the abominations to which men may be driven by lust and greed when they stand isolated and armed among tribes of helpless people. The misfortune of this particular Company was that, by the unusual courage and integrity of men like Mr. Hardenburg and Sir Roger Casement, they were found out. That makes all the difference.

In these days it is a relief to turn from the Amazon even to the Congo. Not that the state of the Congo is perfect yet, but there is some gleam of hope, and at all events we may say the oppression of the native is not so foul as it was under the monstrous government of Leopold. From his long residence on the Congo during its most terrible period, and from a journey he undertook for the Anti-Slavery Society only a year ago, Mr. John Harris can speak of the Congo with special authority. Over a large district he is intimate with the people and their language. His sympathy with the native mind, his unflagging industry, and a rare breadth of view upon religious and commercial questions alike, make him a model investigator upon all African conditions. The present volume is not limited to the Congo. Its separate chapters deal with most leading problems of West and Central Africa in turn. No recent book has given a juster account of them, or offered saner solutions. It is a book which everyone concerned with the Congo basin and the vast tract of coast lands from Sierra Leone down to Mossamedes will be bound to read.

The headings of a few chapters will show their subject and importance. After devoting the first part to a summary of West African customs and surroundings, especially dwelling on the vexed question of polygamy, Mr. Harris proceeds to such problems as "The Liquor Traffic," "The Educated Native," "Race Prejudice," "Labor," the production of palm oil, rubber, and cocoa, "The Progress of Christian Missions," and some very striking, or even startling, proposals for the redistribution of Africa. Lord Cromer, at all events, who writes an introduction to the book, feels a shock to a diplomatic mind in the suggestion that Belgium, being incapable of administering the Congo in its present devastated and impoverished condition, should hand it over to Germany, for a consideration. From what we know of the German administration of natives—and, indeed, from what Mr. Harris himself tells us on the subject—we rather doubt whether the natives would gain much at the present time. But the suggestion is sure to be considered, and if it had been acted upon twenty years ago, much misery might have been spared, and the chief present difficulties of the Congo avoided. We mean the

shortage of labor and of rubber, owing to the reckless extermination both of people and plants:—

"It is a haunting thought," Mr. Harris writes, "that since the '85 scramble for Africa, the civilised Powers who rearranged the map of the African continent, ostensibly in the interests and for the well-being of the natives, have passively allowed the premature destruction of not less than ten millions of people."

Certainly, it is a haunting thought, but what haunts the exploiters of Africa most is the consequent shortage of labor. They have slaughtered the golden goose, and are haunted by its ghost.

The chapter on Angola and the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Príncipe is of especial interest to the present writer, because he saw the slave system there while it was still in full blast seven years ago. The export trade in slaves for the island has lately been checked, but Mr. Harris shows how the Portuguese colony has lost at least 200,000 men and women in the last twenty-five years, owing to the slave-trade alone (including, it is true, many captives from the Congo, and some from British possessions), and yet it seems likely that the export will soon be revived. Mr. Harris is very fair to the Portuguese. He speaks of their general kindness of disposition, and he justly refers to the absence of the color bar in their possessions. But he agrees with Mr. James Burt, Professor Prister, the present writer, and other travellers that both mainland and islands are rotten with slavery, and Lord Cromer supports his contention that, unless the system is entirely abolished, it will be impossible for England to fulfil the old treaty obligations for the defence of Portuguese possessions, should the critical moment for Portugal arrive:—

"There are some things," says Lord Cromer, "which no British Government, however powerful otherwise, can undertake to perform. First and foremost among those things is the use of the warlike strength of the British Empire to maintain a slave State."

There are many other points one would like to notice in so valuable a book. Many excellent solutions to difficulties are suggested, and, on the whole, the outlook is hopeful. The future danger, as in the past, lies in regarding the native races as "animated implements" for the production of European wealth. Mainly from the greed of the modern dividend-seeker comes that changed attitude in the administration, of which Mr. Harris complains—the increasing autocracy, the spirit which, as he says, brooks no opposition, knows no sympathy, forgets justice, and is always menacing native peace and progress. It is a spirit bred by avarice upon cant about the White Man's Burden.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE UPPER AIR.

"My Own Times." By Lady DOROTHY NEVILL. Edited by her SON. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

For the third time Lady Dorothy Nevill scatters to the public some morsels from the rich and varied feast of her long life. It is done with the discriminating condescension of the great lady. The middle classes, the mushroom millionaire, and the mere gatherer of reminiscence may all sit down to the meal. Lady Dorothy will allow Mr. Methuen to hand them a solid course of unleavened and (it must be said) not light regrets, which they may temper afterwards with anecdotal plums, and the bright thin-spread preserve of her oldest memories. It is this last least conspicuous part of her entertainment that will cause the intelligent guest to join most heartily in the cheers for her ladyship which fitly conclude the proceedings. For it is these memories alone that carry a peculiar and lingering flavor. These belong to the authoress's own time; her opinions, she shares now with one, now with another, of her lions and lambs—with "clever Mr. Spender," or the "new and brilliant editor" of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

When we peer into the far beginnings of longevity, we resemble the tourist who strains neck and eyes in contemplation of some half-famous, half-hidden window of stained glass, in a village ten miles from the train. He rises betimes and foregoes his lunch, for the sake of the irrecoverable glow of which the old fingers had the secret.

The search through Lady Dorothy's book for some of those vivid pieces of forgotten color, which have perished out of modern London, is not wholly unrewarded. It is perhaps endurable that the barouche draws up no longer by Gunter's in Berkeley Square, that crinolined ladies may be visible eating ices at noonday. We bow to the natural law which has forbidden Lady Penrhyn's three pugs, "dressed in neat scarlet cloaks and bonnets," to delight the West End for ever by their peregrinations. But we shall be haunted now by Lady Dorothy's crossing-sweepers—they, too, scarlet-clad—who never asked an alms; and when magistrates prevent the assault upon our ears of the hundred street cries which dinned for her, we shall confess the weakness of modernity.

Yet above all we envy her that she has grown up and grown old with the Metropolitan Police. She is three years older than they. We share her enthusiasm for them as they now are, but we are sorry that she was not taken in early youth to visit a Radical tailor's shop at Charing Cross. Francis Place would have told her then how the new force sallied out of dark byways to chastise turbulent passengers, and he would have gone on to lay down doctrines that might have shaped Lady Dorothy's book to different ends.

By painfully slow and small degrees human institutions improve: their main purpose for the last eighty years has been to make existence more tolerable for the poor and the common man. There is much in this book that betrays the short sight, the quick despair, of a once dominant and unquestioned class. Representative government will not vanish because Lady Dorothy thinks it

"inconceivable that a really enlightened society will take an admiring view of the system by which a number of individuals, the large majority profoundly ignorant and a great number quite indifferent, are, without any test as to their mental capacity, accorded the right of electing other individuals, generally not much better equipped for ruling than themselves, to decide how a great nation is to be governed."

The Education Act will survive her imputation that it has sown the "idea" "that the people have not had their fair share of the great increase of wealth"; nor will trumpet-tongued nobility rouse the middle-class, which it finds, so pitifully, "more or less sunk into a condition varying between pretentious luxury and stagnating respectability." And the House of Lords, after all, had little to say against the protection of the poor in sickness and unemployment, though we are now assured that:—

"every child born after the Act came into force is no more of the free-born British breed than were the serfs who first saw the light on the lands of some unreasoning despot of the Middle Ages."

Mercifully is the truth of life hidden in many a book by a sunset haze of unreal pessimism and fundamental self-content. Nought shall make us rue, for "whilst the poorer classes now have numberless forms of recreation which their forefathers never dreamt of, the pastimes of the rich still flourish as of yore":—

"Sport, which we are sometimes told stands in great danger of disappearing, has in reality increased to an enormous extent. Fishing has increased a hundredfold in a hundred years. . . . As regards shooting, its increased popularity is obvious, and may be realised from the fact that the amount of game shot in the three kingdoms every year is fifteen times what it was in 1860."

Heaven be praised! The equilibrium of the world's joy is perfect. For, though all Norfolk be dedicated to the partridge, the poor may flock (until the Government interferes) to the beer-houses and cinematographs of Wigan and the Five Towns.

It is a kindly if not a deeply humorous or reasoning glance that is turned in these pages upon the multitudinous small incidents of the best people's lives. To gauge the true position of the book in time and thought, imagine Mr. Augustus John in contemplation of the work of art on page 65, "a painted china plate, which represents our abode at Vicenza, various views, including one of the bedroom I occupied, being depicted in the margin," and Dr. J. G. Frazer lending an attentive ear to the following anthropological anecdote, which "used to be told of the Prince de Joinville":—

His sister, the Princess Clementine, manifested great interest in the costume of the females of the South Sea Islands which her brother had visited.

"I should have liked," she said, "to have tried on one."

"Nothing can be easier, my dear sister," replied the Prince, "I assure you that your reproaches are unjust, for I have brought you the complete costume of a savage queen, who was about your height."

"Do let me see it."

"I will have it brought to you to-morrow."

The next day the Prince came to pay his usual visit, and said to his sister:—

"I have come according to my promise."

"But where is the costume?"

The Prince de Joinville, without answering, took from his pocket a very curious necklace, composed of a string of blue beads, intermingled with bits of blue glass.

The Princess Clementine closely examined it, thought it a pretty bijou despite its simplicity, then placed it on her dressing table, and awaited the production of the other articles of the queen's wardrobe.

But the Prince was busy looking at a picture.

"But, Joinville, what are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Why this question, my dear sister?"

"Because you know very well that I am waiting."

"And what, pray, are you waiting for?"

"The costume, of course."

"But have I not just given it you?"

"A necklace only."

"Well?"

"Well! I am waiting for the rest."

"But that is all."

"What!"

"I solemnly assure you that it is the complete costume, and that the queen of whom I told you wore nothing else besides." . . . &c., &c.

WHAT IS CHARACTER?

"Character and Life: A Symposium." Edited and Arranged by PERCY L. PARKER. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book seeks to fix what character is. The idea of the compiler was to get five well-known men of different outlook—a scientist, a student of society, an artist, a journalist, and an historian—to say what, to them, character stood for; and, "if possible, to find a common denominator for the sum-total of their experience." He has at least secured five very readable papers; how far his further aim has been secured, it is for the reader to say.

Mr. Wallace believes that in historical time there has been no general development of human character. "The belief in the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is unfounded"; nay, more, "we have no proof whatever that even the men of the Stone Age were mentally or morally inferior to ourselves." This arrest of growth is due to the absence of any great or constant selective agency; the remedies proposed are true and effective education—which as yet we have not got—and selection through marriage, which "will come into force only when a greatly improved social system renders all our women economically and socially free to choose." Mr. Wallace thinks that "there is every reason to believe" that character will be improved on these lines "in the not distant future." We wish we could share his confidence. But the sergeant's song in "The Trumpet-Major" haunts us:—

"When lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And parsons practise what they preach;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town."

London is untouched by the invader, and (we fancy) will remain so—at least for our time. But, if we are not as hopeful as Mr. Wallace for the future, we are less pessimistic as to the past. History is the record, we believe, of a progress, moral and mental, as well as material; though this progress is less rapid and less unbroken than we could desire.

Mr. Hobson's paper is perhaps the best in the collection. Man, if not the measure of things, is at least the measure of society; it were little that this should produce inventions, refinements, arts, the apparatus of material civilisation, and fail to produce men. The man of the future will be more at home in the world than the man of to-day, because society, instead of being conventional as in the past, or mechanical, as in the present, will have been humanised; and a nearer approach to an equilibrium between society and the individual will have been reached:

"A continual reassessment of intellectual values in the light of enlarged universal knowledge, a continual recasting of instruments and methods of intellectual research are

wanted. Our ideal man of progress must be a 'freer' thinker than is common in intellectual circles; he must treat the past less seriously, the future more adventurously, recognising that the recent vaunted 'progress' of science has been very slow compared with what can be achieved by a society which gives free play to the new variations of thought over the whole mass of the people. . . . Until conditions are ripe for such a life the ideal personality cannot be born, and human progress is kept very slow in its higher signification. This is what we mean when we repeat that, in spite of all the marvellous development of the external apparatus of our life, man is not certainly and considerably happier and better."

The note of despondency is less emphasised than in Mr. Wallace; but, even here, the thought of how much remains to be done has been allowed to obscure that of how much has been accomplished. Phœnician boastings are unseemly; but a modest self-congratulation is not out of place.

Mr. Begbie pleads for a modified Bohemianism:—

"To realise something of the fulness of the measure of life, we must avoid schools of thought, sections of society, corporations of religion, and set forms of pleasure or recreation. We must fly from sectionalism in whatsoever guise it meets us. The converse of our lives must be with every class of humanity; we must not be above dining with a Pharisee, or offering courtesy to a Magdalen. In our amusements we must exercise a Catholic taste, seeking participation in the pleasure of every healthy delight rather than proficiency in one. Above all things we must never narrow to a single avenue the approaches of God, nor persuade ourselves that any particular form of words can express an adequate conception of His Person."

It is a sound if a homely wisdom—savoring of Horace, of Montaigne, and of the Hebrew preacher, whose discourse strikes an unexpected but not a jarring note among the graver writers of our Canon. "It is good that thou shouldest take hold of this; yea, also from that withdraw not thine hand. Be not over much wicked; neither be righteous over much."

MEMORIES OF THE TOWER.

"A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers." By Lord REDESDALE. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

OLD memories infuse something almost physical into the buildings they pervade. In D'Annunzio's "La Città Morta," the modern excavator becomes contaminated by the reddish dust that has covered the sin-laden relics of the Atrides. In the same way, it is not difficult to imagine the sense of sin and the sense of loss, clinging closer than ivy to the walls that have imprisoned those who most passionately longed for freedom in life. Few buildings are more permeated by such memories than the Tower of London, with which Lord Redesdale became officially associated in 1874.

For eight centuries the Tower has claimed, dispassionately from each generation, its criminals and its victims. Tragedy lurks in its every crevice and corner, as though no fresh draught of sunlight could ever dispel its sentinel shadows. There are many excellent studies in this volume, including a particularly interesting note on Leonardo da Vinci. There are, too, several papers on Japan, of which country Lord Redesdale has such rare and first-hand knowledge; but the paper which gives its title to the book is the one most deeply impressed by the author's personality. It is not given to many to discover the remains of dead queens; but, in 1876, the author, in conjunction with other official excavators, happened upon the exact burial place of that Queen whose ghostly wanderings round the site of the old scaffold on Tower Green have perturbed generations of young sentries.

The cemetery of the Tower has preserved all the sadness of unfulfilled history. But whereas many have been condemned to it, mourning to the last for the youth that was being snatched away—as Monmouth mourned—the traditions of the block are, on the whole, the traditions of English courage at its best. No one had felt the terror of approaching death more keenly than Monmouth; but when the actual moment arrived, his nerve was far better than the headsman's. Trying the edge of the axe with his nail, the Duke exclaimed, "I fear it is not sharp enough." After this he gave Ketch six guineas, observing, "I pray you do your business well; do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard you struck him three or four times; if you

strike me twice I cannot promise you not to stir." Monmouth refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, after praying, laid his head on the block with perfect calm. "And yet, for all this," writes an eyewitness, "the botchery dog did so barbarously act his part, that he could not at five strokes of the axe sever the head from the body." The horrible bungling continued, and in the end the axe gave place to the knife, while the executioner added a grim phrase to the English language.

Katharine Howard is said to have been dragged shrieking through the corridors of Hampton Court, so terror-stricken was she at Henry VIII's latest caprice of death. But when the time approached, she asked that the block might be brought to her, so that she might understand how to lay her neck upon it gracefully. And after this rehearsal she, in the words of a contemporary, "made a most Godly Christian end that ever was heard of, uttering her lively faith in the blood of Christ only, and with Godly word and steadfast countenance, desired all Christian people to take regard unto her worthy and just punishment."

More than one died, like Sir Thomas More, with a "mocke." The great bishop noticed the weakness of the scaffold, whereupon, in the words of the Chronicle, "He said merrilie to the lieutenant, 'I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my cominge downe let me shift for myselfe.'" Sir Thomas More bandaged his eyes with his own hands, and then laid his head upon the block, after which, signing for a moment's delay, he moved his beard aside and uttered a last gibe at authority: "Pity that should be cut! That has not committed treason!"

But one person haunts the Tower more persistently than all the others—more even than poor Katharine Howard and the good, wise Lady Jane Grey; more than the great Bishop; more than Monmouth and Northumberland and Essex. On May 18th, the day before her last act, Anne Boleyn exclaimed: "Mr. Kyngston, I hear say that I shal not dye afore none, and I am very sory therefore; for I thowth to be dede by thys time and past my payne." On being assured that there would be no pain, the Queen said, "I have hurd say the executir was very gud, and I have a lyttel neck." And she laughed heartily as she placed her hand upon her "lyttel neck." On the scaffold she preserved the same tranquillity; but when the linen cap was placed over her hair, she exclaimed, "Alas! poor head! In a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust and the scaffold." The "lyttel neck" was severed in a single stroke; but the laughing courage of her race, which the dull brutality of Henry could never quell, was strangely to haunt the Tower of London. It is no wonder, then, that these nineteenth-century searchers felt awed on nearing the hiding-place of the bones of Anne Boleyn.

"There was a thrill of emotion upon everyone present when, at two feet from the surface, we came upon the bones of a woman from twenty-five to thirty years of age, as Dr. Monat certified. Anne Boleyn was twenty-nine years old at the time of her death, and there could be no doubt that this was, indeed, the unhappy Queen."

The graves of Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley, however, are still undiscovered.

THE FEMININE PEN.

"Erica." By MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE (Lady Clifford). (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Tinker's Hollow." By F. E. CRICHTON. (Arnold. 6s.)

"Adnam's Orchard." By SARAH GRAND. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Cobweb Cloak." By HELEN MACKAY. (Melrose. 6s.)

WOMAN, prevented from wielding the wiggled influence of the barrister; with the door of the Parliamentary polling-booth shut in her face; in other ways, also, debarred from, or obstructed in, the practice of the professions, finds scope for her energies and abilities in the arts. In fiction, especially, she holds her own. She has proved she can entertain in all the ways of the novelist. No department, from plumed romance to the realistic, is closed against her. She can entertain and she can bore. How she can sometimes bore! We must walk warily, for Mrs. De la Pasture, whose "Erica" heads the above list of novels, is never tedious; indeed, if she would spend a little more effort on her books, deepening the motives of her people, strengthening the

details of her scenes, she would seem more satisfying to some readers; but better a light, or too-light, touch than a heavy; and Mrs. De la Pasture, with her deftness and brightness, never wearies and invariably entertains. Her Erica Clow is a calculating young person, with extraordinary powers to charm and a soul something like an untidy ledger-account. Her red hair, white complexion, and blue eyes, had won admirers, from the threadbare lodging-house days, when Mr. Hickie, a dreadful creature, who says "gurl" (Mrs. De la Pasture is one of the company of select novelists who cannot tire of that touch of the higher humor), took her to the pit, until the cushioned and luxurious present. She marries suddenly a clean-hearted, romantic Guardsman, under circumstances accidental and deliberate, which emphasise her meanness, and then endeavors to achieve that most adventurous quest of winning the smiles of a society which is not blind to her faults or ignorant of her doings. Mrs. De la Pasture has promised a sequel, and it will need at least a sequel to justify "Erica," as is possibly the novelist's purpose; for, with all her beauty and ways, her cleverness of mind and tongue, she does not, cannot, win the reader's sympathy. The character-drawing in this novel is almost uniformly good. There is one old peasant-woman, Mrs. Bence, "having a long tongue and being a witty woman," whose democratic opinions on life and the social system are forceful and deliciously put. The interest of "Erica" lapses a little towards the end; but, taken all through, it is stimulating, enjoyable, and certainly the best book of these four.

The next in point of quality is "Tinker's Hollow," which, after some uncertain pages full of an anecdotal cleverness, develops into a pretty story, though somewhat elusive and involved. Mrs. Crichton has humor, but her method of bringing it out has a jerky effect. The scene is placed in Ulster of the 'eighties, a curiously little-trodden part of the novelist's world. We are introduced to some nice, natural children, who, in growing to the years of loving and anxiety, do not lose their charm. Sally Bruce is brought up by two aunts whose true geniality of heart is hidden under an old-maidenly primness and occasional tartness. The spinsters live with a brother, whose fight against the opium-habit might have been made a more serious issue in the congeries of plots of which "Tinker's Hollow" may be said to consist. The author has evidently thought first of her characterisation. Every one of her many people is an individual and lives; but the book would have been stronger had the interest been more consecutive and sustained.

We pass along to the six hundred pages of Madame Sarah Grand; and then, we confess, tediousness does come creeping in. "Adnam's Orchard," which tells the story of a practically perfect youth, who makes a bold attempt at intensive cultivation and fails—henceforth, Adnam's orchard is the world—has, of course, plenty of cleverness; but the main effect it leaves on the mind is, as Hamlet put it, "Words, words, words!" Adnam Pratt is altogether too excellent; his almost oppressive qualities are mainly due to his mother, a German aristocrat, sometime the governess to a ducal family, now a yeoman's wife, and very like the stained-glass-window version of a Superior Person. Her husband, by his earlier wife, had another son, Seraph, and it was mainly through his envy and cunning that Adnam's hopes came to collapse. The book undoubtedly has some strength—the Duke and the Duchess, as well as Seraph the sly, are admirably drawn—but its quantity is too prodigious. Then, too, Madame Grand will be always preaching. On social subjects, politics, eugenics, she must tub-thump; and, in consequence, despite the will of the reader to follow Adnam through his economic and personal pilgrimage, the mind must yawn. "Adnam's Orchard," too obviously a painstaking effort, is not so excellent as "The Heavenly Twins."

Fourthly, and finally, we come to a very American book, which, with all its brevity, proves too long. The author of "The Cobweb Cloak," when inking her goose-quill for its assault, probably thought to herself: I will aim at the Beautiful. She has merely accomplished the Pretty-pretty. Marah is the daughter of a *divorcée*. The child is one of those sweet little pets who, in the fiction of thirty years ago, would have died half-way through the book to an accompaniment of rippling waters or a chorister's song. In this

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tedious-brief effort she marries a French count. In her infancy Marah was so natural! When put in disgrace for naughtiness she would sit and say to herself, "Purple and gold, purple and gold," because the repetition of those words made her feel sorrier. So, too, "she was very fond of the wasps—almost fonder of them than she was of the mice." This perfect child was the offspring of a musical father and an impossible mother, with both of whom, in turn, her infancy was spent. Daphne, the *divorcée*, was so lovely that the butterflies loved to cloud and drift in a soft flutter of yellow wings about her. She spent most of her time telling, in purple prose, her own story to the child, and in smoking funny little cigarettes. "Her hand that held the cigarette was so fragile that it seemed to be transparent, made of shadow, blue like the cigarette-smoke, and there were blue—smoky blue—shadows about her deep eyes." Needless to say Daphne dies—off. "The Cobweb Cloak" is tedious, because it is all so affected and unreal.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Life and Letters of the Rev. James MacGregor, D.D."
By Lady FRANCES BALFOUR. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.)

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR's memoir of her friend, Dr. James MacGregor, is a singularly happy example of ecclesiastical biography, and will be read with deep interest by Scottish Churchmen. Its subject was one of the greatest pulpit orators—Dr. John Caird alone can challenge comparison with him—whom Scotland has produced for a generation, and if Dr. MacGregor added nothing to theological scholarship, his influence as a preacher has left an enduring mark upon the Church to which he belonged. The son of a Perthshire farmer, he entered the University of St. Andrews in 1847 at the age of fifteen, and seven years later he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Perth. His first charge was the High Kirk of Paisley, where he remained seven years and where he laid the foundation of his future reputation. After an interval of two years in a Fifeshire manse, he went to the Tron Church, Glasgow, and thence to Edinburgh where the remainder of his life was passed. At every church where he ministered, the congregations rapidly increased; the demands for his services in other pulpits were unceasing; and Dr. Fleming contributes to the present volume a striking description of the way in which he swayed his vast congregations. It is one of the misfortunes of the orator that none except those who have actually listened to him can appreciate his power. In some cases the written words remain, and give us some shadowy notion of the effect they produced when spoken; but Dr. MacGregor was probably unique among modern preachers in the fact that he accepted none of the many overtures made him by publishers. Apart from his pulpit work, his activities were manifold. He was a great traveller, a great organiser, and an energetic ecclesiastical politician. In the latter capacity he worked hard against Disestablishment, fraternising with the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Anglican bishops for the purpose. Lady Frances Balfour's biography contains many characteristic letters, and is a notable addition to contemporary ecclesiastical biography. Our only ground of complaint is that the publishers have neglected to provide it with an index.

"The Philosophy of Nietzsche: An Exposition and an Appreciation." By G. CHATTERTON-HILL. (Ouseley. 7s. 6d. net.)

NIETZSCHE shares with Bergson and Eucken the distinction of being one of the modern philosophers who have become the subject of a crowd of "expositions," "elucidations," "criticisms," and "appreciations." It is the accepted opinion among most teachers that the best approach to a philosopher is through the *ipsissima verba* of his own writings, but Mr. Chatterton-Hill tells us that this book was written in 1905, before Nietzsche had been made the text of the many treatises that are now in existence. Moreover, Nietzsche's writings, whatever else may be claimed for them, do not give a systematic account of his philosophy, and Mr. Chatterton-Hill's work has the merit of being what he claims

it is—an exposition of Nietzsche's thought, "and Nietzsche's thought alone." He begins with a short biography of Nietzsche, and then proceeds in a series of chapters to treat of Nietzsche's criticism of the state, the moral law, religions, and science. The view taken in the last of these chapters is that modern science, "far from being an anti-thesis of Christianity as it falsely pretends to be, is itself an emanation of Christianity." Science, like Christianity, comes from and belongs to the people and seeks to promote their happiness. Its teachers exalt caution, patience, diligence, and other qualities "unknown, or almost unknown, to the really great mind," and, as a result, "science is as little favorable to the development of a healthy, strong, courageous philosophy as ever was Christianity." The second part of the book deals with Nietzsche's positive philosophy, and contains a good comparison between him and Max Stirner. Mr. Chatterton-Hill's final verdict is that "Nietzsche is a great artist, a great poet, a profound and bold and courageous thinker, and one of the greatest psychologists which the world has produced," as well as the most profoundly sincere moralist that ever existed. In spite of a rather rhetorical style and a disposition to regard Nietzsche as almost too great to be criticised, Mr. Chatterton-Hill's volume deserves attention. It gives readers a systematic view of Nietzsche's thought and attitude to the great questions of life and philosophy.

"The Malay Peninsula: A Record of British Progress in the Middle East." By ARNOLD WRIGHT and THOMAS H. REID. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a useful addition to Mr. Unwin's excellent series of books dealing with the British dominions and colonies. It begins with an historical account of the first settlement in the Malay Peninsula by agents of the East India Company in 1683, and goes on to describe the sequence of events which culminated in the establishment of the Federated Malay States, and the treaty with Siam which, in 1909, added four fresh States to the Federation. In the earlier period, Francis Light and Sir Stamford Raffles were the two men who stand out for the statesmanlike foresight which they displayed. It was their work that laid the foundations on which in later years Sir Frank Swettenham, Sir Hugh Clifford, and other administrators have been able to build. Another man to whom the colony owes a considerable debt was Sir Joseph Hooker, for it was he who took the first practical step towards establishing the rubber industry by sending an emissary to South America to secure the seeds of Para rubber with the object of planting them in the British tropical dependencies. The result of this enterprise is seen in the fact that the value of the Malayan rubber crop for 1911 amounted to nearly six millions sterling, and nearly a quarter of a million laborers were employed on the estates. Another great industry of the peninsula is tin-mining, and the authors of the present volume speak of a recent discovery of coal, and hint at the possibility of oil being found in the district which closely touches the great oil-bearing areas of Burma and India. The book is well supplied with statistics, and should prove of great value to readers who desire information about one of the most prosperous and most promising of British tropical dependencies.

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volumes of tragic intrigue and lustful murder. Austrians and French disputed here in the Napoleonic wars, and it was in Stresa, by Lago Maggiore, that Cavour hatched his scheme for the liberation of Italy. Mr. Hutton revives the memories of all those times; the while, an always pleasant cicerone, he shows us round the cities from Milan to Mantua and Modena. He is fortunate in having Mr. Maxwell Armfield as his illustrator. This artist understands the economy of water-color painting, and gives us lightly-tinted drawings, delicately handled, and full of ethereal charm and subtle vigor.

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THE Stock Markets have been fairly steady during the week, with some activity in Kaffirs and a firm tone in the foreign market, despite the uncomfortable protraction of peace negotiations and the dangerous maintenance of a mobilised army by both Austria and Russia. The Stock Exchange, however, assumes that all will go well, and is more embarrassed by dear money than by foreign rumors. Dear money checks activity, and causes heavy losses to firms which are compelled to carry large stocks. The immense trade activity and prosperity, of which ample evidence is afforded by the December Board of Trade figures, and by commercial reports, may partly account for high money rates. But the destruction of capital by war and armaments—coupled with the ever increasing demand for it in new countries like Canada, Argentina, Brazil, &c.—is mainly responsible for the present state of affairs. There are reports that gold will soon be going to Australia, and it is quite possible that the market rate of discount will begin to rise again.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

The trade figures just published for the year 1912 are extraordinary. Even when the most ample allowance has been made for the high range of prices, as compared with 1903, the strides taken by British trade are gigantic, and we may fairly ascribe them mainly to the advantages of cheap production, in which Free Trade gives our manufacturers an advantage over all their competitors. In 1903, the year when Mr. Chamberlain launched Tariff Reform and preached his burial sermon on British industries, the total exports of British produce were valued at 283 millions, or £6.75 per head of the population. That was pretty good, but since then they have risen with only one small set back (in 1908, after the American crisis), until now they stand for 1912 at 487 millions, which is about 10.7 per head of the population. Included in these exports are three to which Tariff Reformers take objection, namely, machinery, coal, and ships. Our sales of ships rose irregularly from a value of over 4 millions in 1903, to 16 millions in 1907. Last year they were valued at 7 millions. Our exports of machinery were worth 20 millions in 1903. In 1912 they were worth 33 millions. This is a record, and one would like to know from Birmingham, the West Riding, and Lancashire, whether machinery firms think they could do better under Protection! As to our coal exports, they were worth 26 millions in 1903, 40 millions in 1907, and after a little falling away they have returned again to that very handsome figure.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

Shortly before Christmas I wrote with reference to the yields on the shares of the leading London banks, which, in the majority of cases, are between 5 and 6 per cent.—a few returning more than 6 per cent. Most of them have now

declared their final dividends for 1912, and where they have published their profit figures they are, in accordance with anticipations, quite substantially higher than those of a year ago, owing to the more remunerative level of rates in the Money Market during the year. Increases in the rates of dividend paid, however, are very few, the depreciation of gilt-edged investments, though not so severe as it was last year, having again absorbed substantial sums. Last year the position was strained somewhat; not only were very large sums appropriated from the profits of the year, but in many cases visible reserve funds were drawn upon—a course which would not be adopted by the great banks until all other ways out of the difficulty had been exhausted. It may be taken, therefore, that much of the talk of the “undisclosed reserves” held by the banks is a survival from the times when investment prices were high, and most of the gilt-edged stock held by the banks could have been sold for more than its book value. When the depreciation does stop, the banks, of course, will stand in a strong position, and the portion of profits now absorbed by investment depreciation will be available for distribution, or addition to visible reserves. Bank shares have now fallen to prices at which the yields are about the same as on industrial securities. The following shows the steadiness of dividends during the period of the depreciation in investments, together with the yield on the basis of latest prices, and the dividends now declared:—

	Dividends.						Price.	Yield.
	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.	£ s. d.	
Barclay & Co.	15	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	18	5 11 0
Capital and Counties	18	16	16	16	16	16	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 5 0
Lloyd's	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 2 9
London and Provincial	18*	18*	18*	18*	18*	18*	19	19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 16 0
Lon. & South Western	16*	16*	16*	16*	17	17	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 15 6
London City & Midland	18*	18*	18*	18*	18*	18*	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 17 3
Lon. County & West.	—	—	20*	20*	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 0 0
London Joint Stock	11	10	10	10	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 0 0
Metropolitan	15*	15*	15*	15	15	15	13	5 15 6
National Prov. (£10 $\frac{1}{2}$)	17*	17*	17*	17*	18	18	35	5 8 0
“ (£12)	—	—	—	—	—	—	42	5 3 0
Parr's	20*	20*	20*	20*	21	21	40	5 5 0
Union of London	11*	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ *	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ *	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ *	12	12	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 15 0
William Deacon's	15*	15*	15*	15*	15	15	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 9

* Free of Income-tax.

The National Provincial is the biggest holder of gilt-edged investments of any bank, and has had to write off very large sums. This year £199,000 has been set aside from profits for this purpose, a sum equal to 4 per cent. on the paid-up capital. These shares yield nearly 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Lloyd's return 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, County and Westminster and City and Midland return over 5 per cent., allowing for tax on City and Midland. These are all first-class institutions, and literally “as safe as the Bank of England.” Union of London yield 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and Joint Stock 6 per cent.; these are shares to be bought more with an eye to capital appreciation. Barclay's and the Capital and Counties both reduced their rate of dividend in 1908, but there is certainly no prospect of further reductions, and the yields are quite good. Parr's show an extraordinarily steady record, the only change being an additional 1 per cent. to the dividend in 1911, when it was paid “less tax” for the first time. The yield on the shares is about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in spite of the steady record. There is risk, of course, in all investments, but it is certain that the London banks will be paying their steady dividends long after many of the “5 per cent. first mortgage gold bonds,” which have found a ready market in this country during the last year or so, will have defaulted, leaving the holders with no more than an elaborate bond and a set of coupons, worth little as works of art, and nothing as tangible property.

LUCCELLUM.

The issue is announced by the Mexican National Packing Co., Ltd., of \$2,900,000 Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds of \$100 each at 94 per cent. The company has acquired the assets, concessions, and undertaking of the Mexican National Packing Company. The bonds are repayable in 1931, at or below 105 per cent. Of the proceeds of the present issue £185,000 will be appropriated for working capital and to instal additional machinery.

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The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th, and CLOSE on or before MONDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1913.

Mexican National Packing Company, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, U.S.A.)

Owning and conducting a Public Service Enterprise under Exclusive Concessions from the Government of Mexico.

SHARE CAPITAL - \$12,750,000

Divided into \$9,000,000 Six per Cent. Participating Preferred Stock and \$3,750,000 Common Stock.

Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Gold Bonds, \$1,500,000.

THE ABOVE ARE ALL ISSUED, OR AGREED TO BE ISSUED. Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds authorised \$5,000,000.

Issue of \$2,900,000 Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds of \$100 each at 94 per cent.

The total authorised issue of Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds is \$5,000,000. The Mortgage provides that not more than \$3,000,000 of these Bonds shall be issued without the consent of the holders of a majority in value of each of the following classes—namely: (1) the Six per Cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds; (2) the Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Gold Bonds; and (3) the Six per Cent. Participating Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be secured by a First and Special Mortgage with Supplemental Deeds thereto registered and recorded in Mexico, together constituting a First and Special Mortgage in favor of the Central Trust Company of New York as Trustee upon the immovable Property Plants and Concessions of the Company, and the proceeds of this issue will be kept intact until this charge is effected.

Interest will be paid half-yearly, on January 1st and July 1st.

The Bonds are repayable in New York on the 27th day of January, 1931. The Mortgage provides for the redemption of the Bonds by means of a Sinking Fund of Five per cent. per annum of the whole of the outstanding Bonds beginning the 1st day of January, 1918. The Sinking Fund will be applied in purchasing Bonds at or below 105 per cent. and accrued interest. The Company reserves the right to redeem at any time, at 105 per cent. and accrued interest, the whole or any part of the Bonds for the time being outstanding on not less than six months' notice being given.

Principal and Interest are payable at the option of the Holder either in sterling at Parr's Bank Limited, London, or in currency at the Central Trust Company of New York.

The price of issue is 94 per cent., payable as follows, the rate of exchange being taken at \$4.87 to the £:—

ON APPLICATION	£2 per \$100 Bond.
ON ALLOTMENT	£5 Do.
ON 15TH FEBRUARY, 1913	£5 Do.
ON 27TH MARCH, 1913	£7 6s. 6d. Do.

£19 6s. 6d. Do.

Or the whole may be paid up in full at the Company's Bankers on Allotment, or at any time before March 27th, 1913, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture and the Allotments to cancellation, and interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on any instalments in arrear. Cheques should be crossed, and made payable to "Bearer."

Prior to the delivery of the Definitive Bonds the Directors reserve the right to alter the denomination of such portion of the Bonds as Allottees desire issued in Bonds of either \$500 or \$1,000 each.

The instalments carry interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from their due dates of payment to 1st July, 1913, and Scrip Certificates will be issued in due course in exchange for the receipted Allotment Letters, and will bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the due dates of payment of such instalments up to 1st July, 1913. The first full Coupon on the Bonds will be payable on 1st January, 1914.

The Scrip will be exchanged in due course, free of expense, at the London Agency of the Company, 110, Cannon Street, London, E.C., for Definitive Bonds of \$100 each with half-yearly Coupons attached, due on 1st January and 1st July in every year.

The Company has acquired the assets, concessions, and undertaking of the Mexican National Packing Company. The assets include:—

- (A) The Rastro or Packing House in the City of Mexico with upwards of 25 acres of freehold land.
- (B) A freehold estate of upwards of eight acres situated in the City of Mexico, upon which there is erected a modern cold storage plant with a storage capacity of 1,000 beefves.
- (C) A freehold estate and modern packing house at Uruapan, Michoacan, Mexico.
- (D) A freehold estate and modern cold store situated in the City of San Luis Potosi.

These properties were valued by Senor Luis Perezcano, Junior, a licensed appraiser of Mexico, at £711,000. The assets also include automobile delivery vans, wagons, fixtures, furniture, stores for repairs, &c., valued by Senor Perezcano at £32,000. 100 Refrigerator railway carriages and certain investments, valued by Senor Perezcano at £24,000.

In the above valuations no value was placed upon the concessions which give the Company exclusive preferential rights of great value. The Company's business has been created under concessions granted by the Government of Mexico, whereby the Company obtains, *inter alia*, until December 31st, 1926, the following exclusive rights:—

- (1) That all cattle, pigs, sheep, and goats slaughtered in the City of Mexico must be slaughtered in the Rastro or Packing House belonging to this Company, and that no other Rastro or Packing House can be built or operated in Mexico City.
- (2) That all the land, plants, and other property of the Company shall be exempt from all federal taxation except the stamp tax.
- (3) Freedom from all import duties upon all of the materials required for the manufacture of tin cans and packing cases used by the Company.
- (4) That the Government shall not impose a tax on animals killed by the Company exceeding 14 centavos per kilo upon dressed beef, and 2 centavos per kilo upon dressed sheep and goats, and 14 centavos per kilos upon pigs, live weight. In respect of all such products as are sold outside a radius of 50 kilometres of Mexico City or exported from Mexico, this Company is not required to pay any taxes.

By arrangement with the Mexican Government the Company has, however, paid taxes upon all animals at the time of slaughter, and the amounts paid in respect of products sold outside a radius of 50 kilometres of Mexico City or exported from Mexico have been regularly repaid by the Mexican Government to the Company amounting approximately to 7s. per head on cattle, 8s. per head on pigs, and 7d. per head on sheep and goats. These repayments are not and cannot, until after 1926, be made to anyone else.

The number of animals slaughtered at the Rastro in the City of Mexico during the four years ended 31st December, 1912, was, according to the returns of the Mexican Government Official, Sr. Manuel Fernandez Ortigosa, Collector of Taxes at the Rastro, as follows:—

	1909	1910	1911	1912
Cattle	127,369	147,382	149,997	139,320
Hogs	91,942	67,597	65,530	67,364
Sheep	184,966	209,568	177,691	178,246
TOTALS	404,277	424,547	393,208	384,930

All the plants of the Company are in a high state of operating efficiency.

Owing to the importance of the concessions and to the public service character of the enterprise, the concessions provided that they could not be transferred without the previous consent of the Mexican Government and of the Government of Michoacan.

By decrees of the President and Government of Mexico, issued October 25th, 1912, October 29th, 1912, and November 11th, 1912, this consent was formally given by the Mexican Government, and the transfer of all of the concessions granted by the Government has been duly completed.

The Government of Michoacan has likewise given its consent, and the concessions granted by that State have been duly transferred to this Company.

The Directors intend to at once develop the tinned and cured meat departments of the Company's business on an extensive scale and to make shipments of refrigerated beef and cured meats to London, in order to keep these departments of the Company's plants operating to their full capacity.

The Prospectus contains an exhaustive report on the undertaking addressed to the directors by Mr. E. B. Towl, who is an expert qualified to report upon the business. This report says among other things that:—

"The pioneer work involved in the establishment of an entirely new industry of such national importance has already been done and the large amount of capital necessary to be invested in land, Packing Houses, cold storage, refrigerator cars, and general equipment, and to organise and instal a proper system throughout a country as large as Mexico has already been expended. I consider that the initial difficulties which are inseparable from the development of a new industry of such magnitude have been overcome."

"From the statistics, tabulated figures, and cost sheets which I prepared while in Mexico and still have, I have worked out what I consider should be the net results from the operations of the Company as at present constituted, and I am of the opinion that with efficient management and £150,000 working capital the following is a conservative estimate of the net profits which should be realised:—

First year	£50,000
Second year	£125,000
Third year	£180,000
Fourth year	£200,000

Approximately, £37,115 is required for the interest upon the present issue of bonds.

Out of the proceeds of this issue, £185,000 will be appropriated to working capital and to instal additional machinery in the Company's tinned meat department in Mexico City, and to establish a branch at the sea-board in Mexico, for which a concession has been granted to this Company by the Mexican Government. The Company is given two years in which to establish this branch.

For the purposes of the Prospectus figures have been calculated at the rate of 8.70 pesos to the £ sterling.

The whole of the Common Stock of the Company, except Directors' Qualification Shares, will be vested in three Voting Trustees, and is to remain vested in the Trustees until all of this issue of Bonds is redeemed.

A brokerage of 1/2 per cent. will be paid on allotments made in respect of applications (other than underwriting applications) bearing brokers' stamps.

Application will in due course be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, London, for a settlement and official quotation.

Prospectus and application forms can be obtained from:—

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Trustees for the Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Gold Bonds. THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Voting Trustees. SIR FRANK CRISP, Barr., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

PEDRO SUAREZ, 158, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The third Voting Trustee will be appointed in due course.

Solicitors to Voting Trustees. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Directors. FRANK MORRIS CRISP, 5, Lansdowne Road, W.

L. H. DE FRIESE, New York and London.

JOHN W. DE KAY, 111, Broadway, New York.

SHIRLEY H. JENKS, Cannon Street House, E.C.

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LOUIS SOUCHON, Thorpe House, Bedford.

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S. PEREZ TRIANA, 45, Avenue Road, N.W.

Bankers in London. PARR'S BANK Ltd., Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

Bankers in Mexico. BANK OF MONTREAL.

Commercial Agents. CHALMERS, GUTHRIE & Co., Ltd., 9, Idol Lane, London, E.C.

Solicitors for the Company. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, London, E.C.

Auditors. HASKINS & SELLS, 30, Coleman Street, London, E.C.; and 30, Broad Street, New York.

Head Offices of the Company: MEXICO CITY. New York Office: 111, Broadway

LONDON AGENCY: 101, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

MEXICAN NATIONAL PACKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, U.S.A.)

Issue of \$2,900,000 in 6 per cent. First and Special Mortgage Gold Bonds of \$100 each at 94 per cent.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF MEXICAN NATIONAL PACKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of £2 per \$100 Bond on Bonds of the above issue, I request that you will allot to me this amount of Bonds, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount of Bonds that you may allot to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated January 9th, 1913, and I agree to pay the further instalments due in respect of the same in accordance with the terms of the said Prospectus.

Ordinary signature

Name (in full) (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Address

Occupation

Date.....1913.

Please write distinctly.

This form should be filled up and sent entire to PARR'S BANK Ltd., Bartholomew Lane, E.C. together with a cheque for the amount payable on application. Cheques should be crossed and made payable to Bearer.

MR. JOHN LANE

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Here is a novelist new indeed, not only in the sense that this is his first book,—new in that he gives to the reader an entirely fresh outlook on familiar things. The narrative in its leisurely grace resembles Trollope; Mr. Hardy might have written some of the passages describing country life and country people; but for sheer brilliance of style, carefulness of execution, exquisite characterisation, it is well nigh impossible to think of another author who could have written "*Topham's Folly*."

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Herein two temperaments are brilliantly contrasted. "*Fire*" is a pleasure-ridden Egyptian prince of great personal charm, and "*Frost*," his wife, an English girl, pure of soul and clear of intellect, preferring pictures to passion and the Parthenon to Piccadilly. Her love for all things beautiful is reflected in the pages of this novel, which has also a very arresting dramatic quality. Perhaps the conflicting natures of East and West have never been exploited in more deftly-written scenes. Miss Cruttwell's sentences are clear-cut as a Greek statue, and would in turn mould the taste of the rankest Philistine—if any Philistines are now left. She is such a stylist that even her most immoral characters appear charming. They probably are.

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This work compresses into about **HALF A MILLION WORDS** the substance of **EIGHT YEARS** of uninterrupted labour. The book has been read and enthusiastically commended by the leading experts in the principal subjects embraced in this encyclopedic survey of English history.

When this work was first announced under the above title, the publisher suggested calling it "*A New History of England*." Indeed, it is both. Mr. Wingfield Stratford endeavours to show how everything of value that nations in general and the English nation in particular have at any time achieved, has been the direct outcome of the common feeling upon which patriotism is built. He sees, and makes his readers see, the manifold development of England as one connected whole, with no more breach of continuity than a living body or a perfect work of art.

The author may fairly claim to have accomplished what few previous historians have so much as attempted. He has woven together the threads of Religion, Politics, War, Philosophy, Literature, Painting, Architecture, Law, and Commerce, into a narrative of unbroken and absorbing interest.

The book is a world-book. Scholars will reconstruct their ideas from it, economists examine the gradual fruition of trade, statesmen devise fresh creative plans, and the general reader will feel he is no insignificant unit, but the splendid symbol of a splendid world.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

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